Ovid Travestie,

A

BURLESQUE

UPON

Ovids Epistles.

The Second Edition, Enlarged with Ten Epistles never before Printed.

BY

ALEXANDER RADCLIFFE, of *Gray's-Inn*, Gent.

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MDCLXXXI.

Ovid Travestie,

A

BURLESQUE

UPON

Ovid's Epistles.

TO

ROBERT FAIRBEARD

OF

GRAYS-INN, Esquire.

SIR,

HAving committed these Epistles to the Press, I was horribly put to't for a Patron---- I thought of some great Lord, or some Angelique Lady; but then again consider'd I should never be able to adorn my Dedication with benign Beams, coruscant Rayes, and the Devil and all of Influence. At last I heard my good Friend Mr. Fairbeard *was come to Town---- nay then---- all's well enough. To you therefore I offer this English* Ovid, *to whom you may not be unaptly compar'd in several parcels of your Life and Conversation; only with this exception, That you have nothing of his* Tristibus *about you.*

'Tis you who Burlesque all the Foppery and conceited Gravity of the Age. I remember you once told a grave affected Advocate, That he Burlesqu'd Gods Image, for God had made him after his own Likeness, but he made himself look like an Ass.

Upon the whole matter I am very well satisfy'd in my Choice of you for my Judge; if you speak well of the Book, 'tis all I desire, and the Bookseller *will have reason to rejoyce: tho' by your approbation you may draw upon your self a grand Inconvenience; for perhaps you may too often have Songs, Sonnets, Madrigals, and an innumerable Army of Stanza's obtruded upon you by*

Sir,

Octob. 28th, 1680.

Your humble Servant,

Alex. Radcliffe.

TO

TO THE READER.

Occasioned by the

PREFACE

To a late Book call'd,

The WITS Paraphras'd.

Before I shall give you any Account of our Old Friend Ovid, *or of his* Life, *I am to inform you, that his* Epistles *have been ingeniously and correctly translated by several Gentlemen; and withall, that he was of a good Family, and a brave Fellow was he. Now, since the unhappy Accident of his Death, his Ghost hath been lately attempted to be rais'd by an unlucky* Pretender *to* Poetry, *who indeed hath not skill enough to disturb his Manes: He calls his Book,* The Wits Paraphras'd, *or,* Paraphrase upon Paraphrase, *that is,* Throw Pelion upon Ossa, Ossa upon Pelion, and away with it. *This Book he has dedicated to his Patron* Julian, *Secretary to the* Muses, *in hopes that he may get an Under-Writer's Place somewhere about* Per-

nassus: *but alas! how can he ever hope for Preferment, when he has blaſphem'd the beſt* Poet *of our Age, by miſtaking* Innocence *for* Ignorance: *I wiſh to God the laſt may not riſe up in Judgment againſt him. He (good Soul) is (as appears in his Epiſtle to his Patron) for none of your High Flights; but, like an humble Sinner in a ſtrict Diet, makes all his* Simile's *of* Cloſe Stools *with* Velvet-Seats, *and* Pans *that receive the Excrement. God ſave us: What are we when we are left to our ſelves!*

Now for his Preface, *he would imitate that ingenious one of Mr.* Dryden's *to* Ovid's Epiſtles, *in beginning with* Ovid's Life, *which hath been wrot by as many Men as there are* Lives *in* Plutarch. *And again, Our* Paraphraſer *ſaies, That* Ovid *was as good a Wit as Himſelf or any other Tranſlator; and, to prove that, he ſaies,* Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit, *&c. He might as aptly have ſaid,*

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret.

Then he ſaies, That he could find no ſuch thing as Clubbing *with* Ovid *in all the Catalogue of* Virgil, Catullus, Propertius, *or* Tibullus: *very truly ſaid: for I ſuppoſe he knows nothing farther of thoſe Authors than the Catalogue.*

Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!
The more the merrier!

He wonders, that ſo many Workmen ſhould put their Shreds and Thrums together to dreſs Ovid *in a* Buffoon's *Coat! why a ſilly* Quaker, *in plain* Taunton

Serge,

Serge, thinks a Scarlet Coat embroider'd *to be* the Old Serpent!

He queſtions not but that there are more Fools in the World of his Opinion. (The true Queſtion is, Whether he is not ſingle?)

Then he affirms, that, in his own ſimple naked ſhape, he comes nearer the Original, than the beſt of 'em; when in Sapho *to* Phaon *he begins at the ſixth Diſtich,* Arva Phaon celebrat, *&c. and goes back to the fifth,* Uror ut indomitis, *&c. leaving out the eight Verſes preceding; by which you may eaſily gueſs that he had no other Authority for his* Paraphraſe (*as he calls it*) *then the Tranſlation: 'Tis ſomething ſtrange, that neither* Ovid *himſelf, nor Nineteen Judicious Tranſlators, can give this Gentlemna the leaſt hint or light into* Publius Ovidius Naſo's *meaning,*

Quo te mòri pedes? ——

Now on a ſudden he's ſtarted from Poetry, and is poſſeſt with the Spirit of ſublunary Wealth, and wiſhes with all his heart that he were as rich as a M. *or a* C. *then would he quit all his title to* Pernaſſus, *and engage never to write: oh, never to write any more, that is to ſay, he'd be ſo unconſcionable as to have a good Eſtate for nothing:*

God proſper long our Noble King——

Now, as he ſaies, the late Tranſlators have already clipp'd the Original, and why ſhould not he clip too: whereas my fear is, he hath clipp'd Ovid *ſo cloſe that it will hardly go:*

When firſt King *Henry*, &c.

I be-

I believe no Book hath had ſeverer uſage than our Paraphraſers; *for, ſaies he, it was hurry'd into the Preſs before it cou'd make any defence for it ſelf: Now the meaning on't is, if it had met with impartial Judges, it had never been Printed.*

The Glories of our Birth and State, &c.

But to conclude; Having wonderfully ſhew'd his Reading in his Preface *to his aforeſaid* Wits Paraphras'd; *in Scraps of old* Latin; *and at laſt, to his eternal Glory, one bit of falſe* Greek; *he is ſo far encourag'd, that he gives any man a Challenge in* Chaldee, Arabick, *and* Syriack, *though he confeſſes he knows nothing of the matter: But, to try him, I'll leave him with this* Syriack *Hexameter,*

Erytit ut ælutap ſnabucer bus enimget igaf.

And to let you know that this laſt Verſe, though ſomething rough, is not the effect of Indignation, I part friendly; onely with this Advice, That our Paraphraſer *would conſider, and follow any other Employment, more agreeable with his* Genius (*if he have any*) *then that of* Poetry.

THE

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SAPHO

SAPHO to PHAON.

The ARGUMENT.

Sapho *was a Lady very Eminent for Singing of Ballads, and upon an extraordinary Pinch, could make One well enough for her Purpose: She held a League with one* Phaon, *who was her Companion and Partner in the* Chorus; *but* Phaon *deserted his Consort for the Preferment of a Rubber in the* Ba'nnio. Sapho *took this so to heart, that she threatens to break her Neck out of a Garret Window; which if effected, might prove her utter Destruction. Authors have not agreed concerning the execution of her Design: But however she Writes him this loving and terrifying Epistle.*

WHen these my doggrel Rhimes you chance (to see,
You hardly will believe they came from (me,
Till you discover *Sapho*'s Name at bottom,
You'l not imagine who it is that wrote 'em:

I, that have often Sung—*Young* Phaon *ſtrove*,
Now Sing this doleful Tune—*Farewel my Love*;
I muſt not Sing new Jiggs—the more's the Pity,
But muſt take up with ſome old Mournful Ditty.
You in the *Bannio* have a Place, I hear;
I in my Garret Sweat as much, with Fear:
You can rub out a Living well enough,
My Rent's unpaid, poor *Sapho* muſt rub off;
My Voice is crack't, and now I only houl,
And cannot hit a Treble for my Soul:
My Ballads lye neglected on a Shelf,
I cannot bear the Burthen by my ſelf;
Doll Price the Hawker offers very fair,
She'l Sing along with me for Quarter-ſhare;
Sue Smith, the very ſame will undertake,
Their Voice is like the winding of a Jack.
Hang 'em, I long to bear a Part with you,
I love to Sing, and look upon you too;

Beſides,

Beſides, you know when Songs grow out of faſhion,
That I can make a Ballad on occaſion.
I am not very Beautiful,——God knows;
Yet you ſhould value one that can Compoſe;
Deſpiſe me not, though I'm a little Dowdy,
I can do that—ſame—like a bigger Body:
Perhaps you'l ſay, I've but a tawny Skin;
What then? you know my Metal's good within.
What if my Shoulder's higher than my Head?
I've heard you ſay, I'm Shape enough a-Bed:
The Mayor (God bleſs him) or the worthy Sheriffs
Do very often meet with homely Wives.
Our Maſter too; that little ſcrubbed Draper,
Has he not got a Lady that's a Strapper?
If you will have a Beauty, or have none,
Phaon muſt lye——*Phaon* muſt lye alone:
I can remember, 'fore my Voice was broke,
How much in praiſe of me you often ſpoke,

And when I shook a Trill, you shook your Ears,
And swore I Sung like, what d'ee call 'em—Spheres;
You kiss'd me hard, and call'd me Charming witch,
I can't do't now, if you wou'd kiss my Breech.
Then you not only lik'd my airy Voice,
But in my Fleshly part you did Rejoice;
And when you clasp'd me in your brawny clutches,
You swore I mov'd my Body like a Dutchess;
You clap'd my Buttocks, o're and o're agen,
I can't believe that I was crooked then.
Beware of him, you Sisters of the quill,
That Sing at *Smithfield-Bars*, or *Saffron-Hill*,
Who, for an honest Living, tear your Throat;
If *Phaon* drinks w'ye, you're not worth a groat:
And Ladies know, 'twill be a very hard thing
To sink from him the smallest Copper-farthing;
Avoid him all—for he has us'd me so,
Wou'd make your hearts ake, if you did but know

My Hair's about my Ears, as I'm a Sinner,
He has not left me worth a Hood or Pinner.
Phaon by me unworthily has dealt,
Has got my Ring,—though 'twas but Copper gilt;
Yet that which vexes me,—Th' ungrateful Pimp
Has ſtole away my Petticoat with Gimp;
'Has all my Things, but had he left me any
I can't go out alone, to get a Penny.
Phaon, I ſhould have had leſs cauſe to grieve,
If like a Man of Senſe, you'd taken leave:
That you'd be gone, had I been ne'r ſo certain,
We might have drank a Pot or two at parting;
Or fry'd ſome Bacon with an Egg; or if
Into ſome Steaks, we'd cut a pound of Beif,
And laugh'd awhile, that had been ſomthing like;
But to ſteal off, was but a ſneaking Trick.
My Landlady can tell, how I was troubled,
When I perceiv'd my ſelf ſo plainly bubbled:

I ran like mad out at the Alley-Gate
To overtake you, but it was too late:
When I consider'd I had lost my Coat,
If I had had a Knife, I'd cut my Throat;
Yet notwithstanding all the ills you did,
I Dream of you as soon as I'm in Bed;
You tickle me, and cry, Do'st like it *Saff?*
Oh wondrous well! and then methinks I laugh.
Sometimes we mingle Legs, and Arms, and Thighs;
Something between the sheets, methinks does rise:
But when I wake, and find my Dream's in vain,
I turn to sleep, only to Dream again.
When I am up, I walk about my Garret
And talk I know not what—just like a Parrot;
I move about the Room from Bed to Chair,
And have no Satisfaction any where.
The last time I remember you lay here,
We both were dry ith' Night, and went for Beer;

Into the Cellar by good luck we got,
What we did there, I'm ſure you ha' n't forgot:
There ſtands, you know, an antiquated Tub,
'Gainſt which, ſince that, I often ſtand, and rub;
Only to ſee't, as much delight I take
As if the Veſſel now were full of Sack;
But more to add unto my Diſcontent,
There's been no Drink ith' Cellar ſince you went.
There's nothing but affords me Miſery,
My Linnet in the Cage, I fear will dye:
The Bird is juſt like me in every thing;
Like me it pines, like me it cannot Sing.
Now *Phaon*, Pray take notice what I ſay,
If you don't bring the things you took away;
You know, my Garret is four Stories high;
From thence I'll leap, and in the Streets I'll die:
May be you will refuſe to come—Do—do,
Y'had beſt let *Sapho* break her Neck for you.

Your afflicted Conſort, Sapho.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON:

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon *was born in* Holland, *who took after his Father* Theseus *pretending to the Art of Pyracy; he was cast upon* Newcastle-Shore *by adverse Winds (as the* Dutch *Commentators say) but we are inform'd he came hither by his own choice. No sooner arriv'd, but he heard that one* Phillis, *a single Woman, kept an Inn in the Town; There he took up his Quarters;* Phillis *observ'd him as a lusty Younker, and though his outward Habiliments were not very tempting; yet his Person perswaded her so far, that she Married him, and entrusted him with all. After some time, he told his Wife that his Occasions call'd him into* Holland *to see his Father, who he said, was a Man of mighty Substance; He promised to Return within a Month, but hath not been heard of since. Therefore she writes to him this Letter; but whether it came to his hands or no, hath been a question to this day.*

YOur Absence does discover your Disdain,
You 've done enough to make a Stone com-
(plain;

You

You told me you wou'd ſtay a Month,—no more;
But by my Nature, I do find 'tis four.
I, who am Woman, and a Lover too,
Obſerve the changes of Moons, much more than (you:
Indiſpoſition in the Head, or Back,
Informs our Sex beyond an Almanack.
Sometimes I hop'd—but ſoon that Hope did ſink;
Sometimes I thought—I knew not what to think.
I made my--ſelf a Liar——notwithſtanding
There was no Ship--I ſwore I ſaw you Landing.
Some Curſes on your Father I beſtow,
That old *Dutch* Rogue, think I, won't let him go:
But then again, that cannot likely ſeem,
The Maggot bites—you're gone away from him;
What if you ſhould be wrack't when hither bound?
No,—you're too great a Villain to be drown'd.
Whom ſhall I blame? whom but thy ſelf—fond (*Phillis!*
Who haſt liv'd now Thirty years, and art ſo ſilly.

When

When first you did within my Doors set footing,
I fell in Love—forsooth—A Pox of rutting;
The Devil sure will have that Doctor *Hymen*,
Who told me, that his Business was to try—men:
He did believe—you'd prove an honest Man,
Marry 'm—said he, with all the speed you can;
The Good old Man his Substance to increase,
Would match a Helhound to a Saint for Fees:
You swore such dreadful Oaths as ne'r was heard,
By th' *Belgick* Lion, and the Prince's Beard;
By *Opdam*'s Ghost, and by the Dragon's Tail,
B' your Father's Head, and Mother's Farthingale;
By the great Cannons, and the Bloody Flag,
And by the *Hogan Mogans* of the *Hague*;
Your Execrations put m'in such a fright,
That all the Hair about me stood upright:
If on your Head these Curses fall you've nam'd,
I must conclude, that certainly y'are damn'd;

Hearing

Hearing ſuch bloody Oaths, you would not ſtay,
I made all haſte I cou'd to get y'away;
I furniſh'd you with all I cou'd afford,
Bisket and Powder'd Beef I put aboard;
A Flask of Brandy to your Girdle hung,
Better I'm ſure, was never tipt o're Tongue:
And when I patch'd your Sails with antient Smock,
I thought they wou'd have brought me home. (good luck;
But ſtead of that—ſuch was my fatal Hap,
I prov'd the Inſtrument of your Eſcape:
When you came hither in a low Condition,
Did I not ſtuff your Guts with good Proviſion:
The Suit y'had on—was deſtitute of ſtitches,
I gave you then my Brother's Coat and Breeches;
But as for that—Pox on't—I'll ne'r repent it,
What you had wanted, I had then preſented;
If you had never paid—here's none would ſtop ye;
But I muſt be your Wife too——like a Puppy:

I wish to God that very day we met,
That into Gaol I had been thrown for Debt;
Then if I'd ask'd the Question—you'd have said
Thank you, forsooth, I'm not in hast to Wed.
Well, well! Myn Hier! y'ave caught me now, 'tis (true,
I hope I am the last you will undoe.
The *Dutch* by Paint describe each others Lives,
And Draw their Neighbours Actions, and their (Wives;
They'l Draw your Father as some petty Pyrate,
Doing small things, which People wont admire at.
He has been Rogue enough, but done no Wonders,
'Has rob'd a Fisherman, of Eels and Flounders;
Perhaps he's Drawn making a Sailor drunk,
Diving in's Pockets——to equip his Punk;
These are but Trifles to what you have done,
The Father's but a Coxcomb—to the Son:
You shall be Drawn, first in your tatter'd Cloaths,
Humbly complaining, full of Lies and Oaths;

And then you shall be Rigg'd from head to foot,
And from your Mouth, this Label shall come out;
"Poor *Phillis*, of *Newcastle* upon *Tyne*——
"'Twas I that ruin'd——now you see, I'm fine.
What must I do? I have no Trading here,
And all my Neighbours do but laugh and sneer;
One cryes; Where is your Husband *Demo*——foe?
For your right Name, not one of 'em does know;
Another cryes out--Hey! for *Amsterdam*;
What! Was a *Dutchman* Phillis——or a Sham?
Thus (as they say) they throw you in my Dish;
Wou'd I cou'd have you here but with a wish,
For these Rogues sake; 'twould be good sport to see
How well you wou'd belabour two or three;
Then they'd change Tone, and cry--God bless ye (both,
You are a handsom Couple, by my Troth:
No--'tis in vain to hope that you'l return,
I must continue, as I am their scorn;

But

But yet I can't forget the parting Day,
I thought you wou'd have hugg'd your Breath (away;
At last you spoke—'twas this confounded Lye,
Phil, in a Month this o're again we'll try;
But I believe that Trick you 're trying now
With some tun-belly'd *Rotterdam—V'froe*:
If *Phillis* should be talk'd on by the *Dutch*,
You'l say, you never heard of any such.
Phillis! Who's she? Where does this *Phillis* dwell?
If you don't know, *Demophoon*, I'll tell;
"This is *Newcastle-Phillis*, she that did
"Once entertain you, Sir, at Board and Bed.
"Some small Remembrance *Phillis* hath deserv'd,
"Had not this *Phillis* been, you might have starv'd;
"She gave you Money, like a foolish Elf;
"At last this *Phillis* gave away her-Self.
I am that *Phillis*, if I had my due,
That shou'd have Hang'd my self for Loving you:

It

It will not be too late to do it ſtill,
And if I'm in a humour, 'faith I will.
Then on my Grave let theſe few Lines be writ,
Which *Phillis* made her-ſelf in Moody fit.

Here Phillis *lyes,*
Had ſhe been wiſe,
S'had Wed a Neighb'ring Scotchman;
And then ſhe might,
Have liv'd in ſpite
Of any Drunken Dutchman.

HYPERM-

Hypermnestra to Linus.

The ARGUMENT.

There was lately a Gang of English *Highway-men, all of 'em having Wives or Whores in* London. *Now the only means to detect 'em, was by bribing their Women. In order to which, the Keeper of* Newgate *went to 'em all, promising them very fairly, and with all, using Arguments how serviceable they would be to their Country, in Discovering them; which they might easily do, when they came home to Bed. The Women were easily perswaded, And one Night order'd the Keeper to be there at such a time, who seized them all; but* Linus *was præadmonished by his Wife* Hypermnestra, *so he escaped away in her Cloaths; She bore the brunt in his Apparel, and was Taken (supposed to be a Man) and Committed to* Newgate, *and put into Irons. The rest of the Thieves were Hang'd, her Trial was respited, being not known who she was.* Hypermnestra *sends him this Letter.*

TO thee poor *Hypermnestra* now complains
Such is the Torture of my Iron Chains:
Shall it be call'd in Law, a Crime so heinous,
For being just to my own Husband *Linus?*

Let

Let 'em torment me on, I do not care,
I'll not tell who I am, nor where you are;
If they ſhould Hang me up in ſtead of you,
To the laſt Gaſp, I ſwear I will be true:
I long to be reveng'd on thoſe curs'd Wives,
That did betray their Friends and Husbands Lives.
Such Men were not in *England* to be found,
They'd bid the Devil ſtand, on any ground;
And all the Prizes that they got, they ſpent
Upon thoſe Whores; yet they were not content,
Think on that Night we did together Sup,
When all the Company were Cock-a-hoop;
That fatal Night you all came from the Pad,
Your Booty very large, your hearts were glad;
Though in my ſad Condition, 'tis not proper;
Yet, I can well remember all the Supper:
A ſtately Loin of Veal began the Feaſt,
I help'd you half the Kidney at the leaſt;

Four Turkey Poulets came next, you wish'd they'd (been
Four *Turky* Merchants upon *Mile-End-Green*;
Roasted young Ducks, and Chickens fricazeed;
There was more Meat than we cou'd eat indeed:
Wine in abundance—I drank none but Sack,
But all you Men did ply it with Pontack:
To th' top you fill'd a Glass, and drank to th'best—
The Health as you began it, seem'd a Jest;
I took't in Earnest to my self, and knew
That I should prove the best of Wives to you.
By Two a Clock you Men were almost Drunk,
Then each to Bed went to his Spouse, or Punk;
If they were all as kind as you to me,
Never was such a Night of Lechery:
At last you slept securely without warning
Of the strange Alterations in the Morning:
I knew betimes the Keepers wou'd be there,
And all the Night I sweat, 'tween Sport and Fear;

At

At last I rose, and 'bout the Room I walk'd,
And thus at Random to my self I talk'd;
Have I not sworn a Thousand Oaths at least,
That I'd betray my Husband with the rest?
What must I do? 'Tis true, I am his Wife,
What! Must I damn my Soul to save his Life?
Hang all the Oaths in Christendom, said I;
He is my Husband, and he must not die.
With that I drew your Breeches on in haste,
The Codpiece was so big, I was amaz'd;
I walk'd into your Coat, hanging on Peg,
I lost my head within your Perewig:
Having put on your Armour Cap-a-pee,
For by the weight, such was your Cloaths to me;
You reach'd your Arm across—had I been there,
You would have had the other bout, I fear;
I pull'd the Sheet and Blanket from the Bed,
I plainly then perceiv'd, 'twas as I said:

Riſe *Linus*, Riſe, ſaid I, be very quick;
This is no time for any wanton Trick;
You're all betray'd—The Conſtable's at Door,
You muſt not ſtay a minute of an hour.
I ſhuffled on my Cloaths upon your back,
They did not fit—I heard my *Manteau* crack:
No ſooner were you gone, but in they bounc'd;
They ſeiz'd on me, and ſwore I ſhou'd be trounc'd:
And here they have me faſt, with Bolt and Lock;
They know not yet that I have on a Smock.
Now you are ſafe, and I am here, dear *Linus*
Let's ſeriouſly diſcourſe th' Affair between us:
If all the truth to them I ſhould diſcover,
What can they ſay? 'twas acted like a Lover;
I may be ſent to *Bridewel*, there they'l bang me
But all the Law in *England* cannot hang me.
While I lye here—I am in little eaſe,
But when all's told, what ſhall I do for Fees?

If you don't uſe ſome means to get me freed,
Within few days, you'l hear that I am Dead;
And then 'tis like they'l bury me; if ſo,
Upon my Grave this Epitaph beſtow:

Here lyes a Wife, who rather than ſhe'ld fail
To ſave her Husband's Life, dy'd in a Jayl:
My Irons load me ſo, I'm fit to cry,
I would write more, but cannot; ſo God b'ye.

HERMIONE to ORESTES;

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione *was the Daughter of* Menelaus *and* Hellen. *Her Mother ran away with a young Fellow, one* Paris, *they went together beyond the Seas. Her Husband who lov'd her well, perſu'd 'em, and after many years, found his Wife and reſcu'd her from her Gallant, and without any reſentment of the Injury, took her again. During their abſence, their Daughter (who had an Eſtate left her by her Unkle) was committed to the Cuſtody of her Grandfather, who Married her to a School-fellow and Cozen German of hers, by Name* Oreſtes. *Her Father brought home with him one* Pyrrhus *a wild young Fellow, to whom he Marry'd her again, taking no notice of the firſt match. She ſilly harmleſs Girl, wonders at the deſign, and to her Husband* Oreſtes *writes this innocent Letter.*

TO thee I write, my dear and only Cuz;
Nor will I be afraid to call the Spouſe:
Though here's a Fellow come reſolv'd to ſwear
I am his Wife, and he will make't appear:

He

He looks ſometimes, as if he long'd to eat me,
Sometimes he looks ſo gruff, as if he'd beat me:
He ſays he is *Achilles* Son and Heir,
And bids me diſobey him, if I dare;
He kiſſes me ſo hard, the ſtrangeſt Man,
He gets a top of me do what I can;
With all my ſtrength my Legs together join,
But with one Knee, hee'l open both of mine.
I call him Rogue and Raſcal, filthy Sot,
And all the beaſtly Names I can get out:
I'm Marry'd, Sirrah, therefore don't miſtake it,
I have a Husband that will thwack your Jacket;
Yet that's all one, he cares not what is ſaid;
But by the Hair he drags me into bed:
They talk of Girls, forc'd by unruly men,
They can't be forc'd ſo much as I have been:
Yet all this while *Oreſtes* comes not near me,
I am afraid you do not love your *Hermey*;

You'l fight for Money, as you'd fight for Life,
And won't you fight a little for your Wife?
One while my Father mist my Mother *Hellen*,
Lord! There was such a noise, and such a--yelling,
He rais'd up all the People in our Lane,
And ne'r was quiet, 'till she came again.
I wou'd not have you make a noise for me,
But come and kill this fellow quietly;
Give him a good sound blow, and never fear man,
It is for me, your Wife and Cozin German.
You know my Guardian marry'd me to you
When we were both so young, we could not do—;
Now from beyond Sea comes my Father huffing,
And will needs marry me to this same Ruffian,
He vapours here about his Country Blood,
I gues your *English* Familie's as good:
He says, you've led a very wicked life,
And that you broke your Mothers heart with grief:

For

For talking ſo of you, I'd ſlit his Tongue,
And pull his Eyes out too, if I were ſtrong;
'Tis ſomething ſtrange, we're of a Generation
Where Raviſhing has been a mighty faſhion:
My Grandmother was raviſh'd by one *Swan*,
A little Couzin by another man;
My Mother has been raviſh'd once or twice,
And I am raviſh'd now by her advice.
Muſt I with ſuch a Rogue as this be match'd?
A more unlucky Girl was never hatch'd.
My Mother left me here a little Wench,
Juſt big enough to clamber on a Bench;
She was ſtark mad for that young fellow—*Paris*,
And after him ſhe danc'd the new Fagaries:
My Father for his life cou'd not forbear,
But ran a-catter-wawling after her;
Now they're come home, but with ſuch alt'red (looks,
As if they were ſome ſtrange Outlandiſh fo'kes.

My

My Father has a Beard below his Band,
I did not know my Mother, ſhe's ſo tann'd:
Toward my good, what did ſhe ever do?
When ſhe was gone, I learn't to knit and ſow;
I uſe my needle now as well's another,
But 'tis no God-a-mercy to my Mother:
When ſhe came in, ſhe knew not who I was;
This Girl, ſaid ſhe, is grown a ſtrapping Laſs,
She muſt be marry'd, or ſhe'l grow too buſy;
(Huſſy
Look here, I have brought thee home a Husband
With that he threw his Paws about my Neck;
Kill him, *Oreſtes*, or my heart will break:
I draw the Curtains when he's faſt aſleep,
And out of Bed, ſoon as 'tis day, I leap;
But I do toſs and tumble all Night long,
As if by Bugs and Piſmires I'd been ſtung:
Sometimes when I'm aſleep, by chance there lies,
(thighs
One of my hands ſqueez'd cloſe between his

I ſnatch't away as ſoon as e're I wake,
With as much ſpeed, as if I'd felt a Snake;
To th' other ſide o'th' Bed, I jerk from him,
And ſometimes lay one Breech upon the Beam;
Then after me, he by degrees will ſteal,
Pray Sir keep off, ſay I, I am not well;
He ſeems as if he did not underſtand,
And then he reaches out his haſty hand;
I ſpeak as plainly to him as I can,
I tell him I'm not fitting for a Man.
Pſhaw, Pſhaw! ſays he, I know you do but jeſt,
'Pon the whole matter he's a filthy Beaſt:
For Gods ſake *Orey*, Prethee now contrive,
Some way or other that he may not live:
For here I take my Oath upon a Book,
If you don't get me off by hook or crook,
That we may do—as marry'd People may,
I'll either kill my ſelf, or run away.

LEAN-

CANACE to *MACAREUS*:

Lately tranſlated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace, *Son and Daughter of* Æolus *(a Trumpeter of the Guards) being from children brought up together, at the laſt grew ſo intimately acquainted, that they made bold to ly with one another.* Canace *prov'd with Child by her Brother* Macareus. *She was deliver'd in the houſe; and the Nurſe contriv'd to convey the Child through the Hall when* Æolus *was ſounding his Trumpet, accompany'd with ſeveral ſorts of Wind-muſick; notwithſtanding that noiſe, the ſhrill Cry of the Infant was over-heard by* Æolus, *who ſent it away to be left in the Streets, and expos'd to the mercy of the Pariſh; and to his Daughter* Canace *he ſent a Hal-*

Halter, with this Meſſage, —This you have deſerv'd, —and you know how to uſe it. Canace *hang'd her ſelf (as you may gueſs) before ſhe wrote this Letter.*

BEfore theſe rude, diſtracted Lines you read,
Believe the unlucky Authreſs of 'em dead.
Ever to ſee me more's beyond all Hope,
One hand a Pen, the other Holds a Rope:
My bluſtring Father's troubled with a Whim,
And I muſt hang my ſelf to humour him.

But when he ſees my Carcaſe on the floor,
Surely he'll ceaſe to call me Bitch or Whore:
His puffing and his blowing will be vain,
He cannot puffe me into life again:
His Mind is ſwell'd much bigger then his Face,
I am (he ſaies) his Family's Diſgrace:
All his great Friends and Kindred are provok't;
What are his Friends to me when I am choak'd?

I wiſh that we had ſtifled one another
That night I clung ſo cloſely to you, Brother:
Why did you love me more then did become ye:
It had been happy, if y'ad kick'd me from ye:
When firſt, with pleaſure, I lay under you,
Would y'ad been lighter by a Stone or two.

At firſt I wondred what ſhould be the matter,
I look'd like Death, and was as weak as Water:
For ſeveral days I loath'd the ſight of Meat,
And every Night I chew'd the upper Sheet;
I'd ſuch Obſtructions, I was almoſt moap'd,
My Breath came ſhort, my——were ſtop'd.

I call'd old Nurſe, and told her how it was;
She, an experienc'd Baw'd, ſoon groap'd the Cauſe:
Quoth ſhe, for this Diſeaſe, take what you can,
You'll ne'er be well, till you have taken Man:
When I was young, I thought I was bewitch'd,
I ſcrach't my Belly, for it alwaies itch'd.

The

The Truth I will no longer hide, said I,
must enjoy my Brother, or I dy:
She tickl'd me, and told me 'twas no Sin;
Nearer of Blood, said she, the deeper in:
Both you and I approv'd what Nurse had said,
So, without more a-do, we went to Bed:
You in my belly rummag'd all about,
To find this wonderful distemper out:
Too soon 'twould be discovered, was my Fear,
I could have let you search'd for ever there:
But Nurse can tell how I did sigh and sob
When we perceiv'd that you had done the Jobb.
I made th' old Bedlam foot it up and down
To every Quack and Mountebank in Town,
For *Dendelion*, and *Camelions-thighs*,
Spirit of Saffron mixt with *Vulters-eys*:
I would have given all I had been worth,
T' have kill'd the Child, before it had come forth:

But

But the ſtrong Rogue lay fencing in my Womb,
And did thoſe pois'nous Potions overcome:
Oh! when I ſaw the ninth Moon in the Wane,
Then I was in the Full — of grief and Pain;
Then, then my Throws came on me thick and (thick;
I groan'd, but for my Life I durſt not ſchreik
Until my Tortures came to ſuch a growth
That Nurſe with both her Hands did ſtop my (Mouth:
I ſhould have cry'd ſo loud, that every Neighbour
Would have diſcover'd I had been in Labour:
No Woman yet that ever wore a Navel,
Endur'd ſo hard and ſo ſevere a Travel.
I curs'd your Sex, and wiſh'd Rot a might come
On all the Stallions throughout Chriſtendome.
At laſt you came; I knew you by your tread;
I peep'd at you, though I was almoſt dead:

T' ward

T' ward me you ſeem'd to have ſome kind Re- (morſe
But look'd, as if you would have eaten Nurſe.
You held my Back-parts, you could do no more;
Would you had never felt the Parts before.
Siſter, ſaid you, you ſhall not dy this bout,
We're both unlucky, but, we'll rub it out.
To ſee what words from thoſe we love can doe,
(Surely the Child Within me heard you too,)
For ſtreight he ſprang forth from me, and did ſeem
To make his paſſage in a flowing Stream:
'Twas hard enough: but now's a harder Caſe,
To hide the Buſineſs from my Father's face;
We did conſult how to deviſe a way
Thorough the Hall our Baſtard to conveigh.
My Father in Wind-Muſick ſtill delighted,
And all the Gang that night he had envited:
Fellows that play on Bag-pipes, and the Fife;
The old man always lov'd a noiſefull Life:

They all did ſound together after Supper,
And then to carry 'm off, we thought, was proper.
Nurſe, in her Apron, took the little Brat,
Swath'd up in Linnen, Ruſhes over that;
Quite through the Hall ſhe went her uſual pace,
And, unconcern'd her ſelf, humm'd *Chevy-Chaſe*.
Juſt to the door ſ'had ſafely carry'd him,
When the unlucky Wretch began to ſcreme:
His little Organ made a ſhriller noiſe
Then all the Fluits, Recorders, or Ho-boies:
The old man prick'd his ears up, like a Hare,
And after Nurſe ran nimbly, as the Air:
Whither ſo faſt, ſaid he, old Mother Trundle?
Pray, let us ſee, What have you in your Bundle?
Quoth Nurſe,—'Tis Miſtreſs *Canny*'s dirty Smock
Men into Womens ſecrets ſhould not look.
He puff'd away the Ruſhes from her Lap,
And there appear'd the little ſprauling Ape:

'Zound

'Zounds, saies my Father, What is here? A Kid!
My Daughter *Canny's* finely brought to bed!
He rais'd so great a Tempest in the House,
I thought that Hell it self was broken loose;
He rag'd so loud, the Bed shook under me;
Methought I was in some great Storm at Sea:
He rush'd into the Room, and did discover
The bloody Sypmtoms of a Child-bed Lover:
Our Sexes Stains by him were here discry'd
Which Women from their own dear Husbands hide:
With his own hands he did design to wound me,
But that he saw something like Murther round me:
The Bastard in the Sreets he did expose,
And what will be his destiny, God knows:
The little Knave, with Tears, did seem to answer,
As who should say, I beg your Pardon Grandsir.
Out went old *Trump*; I by his Looks could find
There was some mischief hatching in his mind,

In came a Fellow of the *Bag-Pipe* Gang
Whoſe very Whiskers ſeem'd to ſay, Go hang;
Before his words came out his tongue did falter;
At laſt he ſpake, *Canny*, look here's a Halter:
Your Father ſaies, 'Tis this you do deſerve;
If you'll not uſe it, you may live and ſtarve.
His moſt obedient Daughter he ſhall think me;
If I don't hang my ſelf, the Devil ſink me.

Since Whoring does produce ſuch ſtrange effects
Would I'd been born a Monſter without Sex:
Let my young Siſters all be warn'd by me,
And curb betimes Inceſtuous Lechery.

This I requeſt of you, Dear Brother *Mac.*
That of our wretched Child ſome care you'd take;
If you can find him out, be not unwilling,
Towards his maintenance, to drop a ſhilling.

Let theſe my laſt Words be obſerv'd by you,
As I obey my Father's: —ſo, —Adieu.

LEANDER

ARIADNE to *THESEUS*,

Lately translated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *an Engliſh Gentleman, and one who for his diverſion admir'd Travelling,* eſpecially on Foot, *having ſafely arriv'd at* Calais, *walk'd on eaſily from thence to* Paris, *where he had not long been, but he receiv'd an unmannerly Juſtle from a Cavalier of* France: Theſeus, *whoſe great Soul could not brook the leaſt Affront, reſented this ſo highly, that he challeng'd him, fought him, and, after a long and skilful Diſpute between 'em, fairly kill'd him:* Theſus *was impriſon'd in the* Baſtile; *During his Reſtraint he held a League with* Ariadne, *the Keeper's daughter: And, though the Priſon was as difficult as a Labyrinth, (ſuch is the power of Love,)*

She soon contriv'd a way for his Escape by night: and he, accompany'd with Mistress Ariadne, *footed it back to* Calais; *where, both lodging together at the* Red-Hart, *he very unkindly took the advantage of her Snoaring, and stole from her early in the morning; and went off with the Pacquet-boat to* Dover; *from whence he gently walk'd to* London. Ariadne *sends him These.*

NO savage *Bear*, no *Lyon*, *Wolf*, or *Tyger*, (Rigor;
Would ever use his Mistress with such
D'ye think you don't deserve ten thousand Curses,
For leaving me in Pawn at Monsieur *Forces*?
I wonder what the Tavern-people think!
For here I sit, and dare not call for Drink.
While by your side I innocently lay,
You might have taken leave, a civil way:
I was half waken'd from a pleasant Sleep
By th' melancholly sound of *Chimney-sweep*:
I stretch'd my Leg, to find out my Bed-fellow,
But I could groap out nothing but the Pillow:

Thinking

Thinking t' have hugg'd you in my Arms ſo e loſe
One of the Bed-ſtaffs almoſt broke my Noſe:
Theſ. Theſ. ſaid I, I hope you are not gone;
I might as well have call'd the Man i' th 'Moon:
I rent my Head-cloaths off, *mort dieu!* *mort dieu!*
What will become of me? What ſhall I doe?
I op'd the Caſement as the Morning dawn'd;
And I could plainly ſee that I was pawn'd,
With calling you I tore my Throat to pieces,
The Eccho jeer'd me with the name of *Theſeus*:
To th' top of all the houſe I ran undreſt;
The people thought that I had been poſſeſs'd:
At laſt, I ſpy'd you in the Pacquet-boat;
I knew it was you or ſo at leaſt I thought:
Had you been walking, I had known your Stride,
And gueſs'd your Strutt from all Mankind's beſide:
Both Seas and Winds muſt needs be kind to thee
Thou art ſo like 'em in Inconſtancy.

I thump my Breaſt, I rage, I ſtorm and fume;
The Houſe deſires I would diſcharge my Room:
Quoth one o'th' Servants, Miſtreſs *Ariadne's*
Paſt all recovery, overwhelm'd with Madneſs:
Another crys, *Mam'ſell Com' portez vou'?*
Fetch me my *Theſ.* ſaid I, What's that to you.
When in the Boat I cou'd no longer ſee you,
Ten thouſand De'ills of Hell, ſaid I, go we' you.
They think I'm drunk, I'm ſure 'tis not with (Wine;
The Score's too large; and you have left no Coin.
Into a Corner I am ſometimes dogg'd,
And there I cry as if I had been flogg'd:
Sometimes I roul my Self upon the Bed,
And act thoſe poſtures o're that once we did:
To my own ſelf with pleaſure I repeat,
Here lay my Head, and there I put my Feet:
I often call to mind our amorous Work;
Then here, methinks I have you with a Jerk.

Some-

Sometimes they talk, that Ships are ſafe at home:
I liſten then, to hear if you are come.
Were I a Man, into the Seas I'd douſe,
And after you I'd ſwim, and bilk the houſe:
If I ſhould offer to run home again,
My Father 'd keep me in an Iron-chain;
I have betray'd the old Man's Truſt for you;
I may go whiſtle for a Portion now:
When, for your ſake, I ſtole the Priſon Keys,
I little thought to ſee ſuch days as theſe:
Oh! when your LOVE was mounted to a pitch,
You hugg'd me as the Devil hugg'd the Witch;
You ſwore, with Oaths moſt deſperate and bloudy,
The Queen of *France* to me was but a Dowdy.
I have more Whymſes then a dancing *Bear*,
Sometimes I dream the Conſtable is here:
And though the Waiters very often wheedle,
Yet I ſuſpect that they will bring the Beadle.

Again,

Again, I fear they'll ſpirit me away,
And ſend me Slave into *Virginia*:
I was not bred a Drudge from the beginning,
Except it were to waſh my Father's Linnen.
Either to Sea or Land I durſt not look,
To Heaven I can't; you've ſtole my Prayer-book:
Your Valour made my Fortune ſo untoward,
I would to God that you had been a Coward:
Diſtreſſed *Ariadne* now complains,
Becauſe ſuch ſprightly bloud runs in her Veins:
They ſay we *French* are very Hot, 'tis true;
But yet our Sparks are Froſt and Snow to you:
Curſt be the time when you firſt learnt to fence,
(Though that does never alter Men of ſence.)
I fancie in what poſture you were found,
One Foot heav'd up, the other on the Ground:
As much of Warlike Grace you did diſcover
As any *Roman* Statue in the *Loure*.

Methinks

Methinks I hear you ſpeak to th' Cavilier,
Sa! Sa! Mounſeur, I have you here and there:
But now your valiant Acts are loſt for ever,
By ſneaking off, like a *French-Ribbon-Weaver*.
Had I not drank that *Brandy* over night,
I cou'd have wak'd, and ſo have ſtopt your Flight.
Curſt be the Wind which was ſo kind to you;
Curſt be the Boat, aud curſt be all its Crew;
Curſt may I be for truſting what you ſaid;
Curſt may all Lovers be that Snore in Bed.
Poor *Ariadne*, thou art finely ſerv'd,
Thy too much Love has brought thee to be ſtarv'd:
The Servants pitty me, and ſay 't's a hard-caſe,
I've nothing here to pay 'em with but Carcaſe:
This Carcaſe too has wept out all its Juice,
'Tis grown ſo dry, 'tis fit for no Man's uſe.
Think, when you're rev'ling in your Cups at *London*,
That your Poor *Ariadne* here, is undone.

And

And when you come where People do resort,
To hear your Travels told were pretty Sport:
With what tough Bit of Flesh you did engage;
You thought you should be killing him an Age:
Do not forget me when you tell your Tale,
Tell 'em how I releas'd y'out of Goal;
And how with you I stole on foot through Allys;
And, pray forget not, that I am pawn'd at *Callais*
And, when this Tale to your Companion's told,
Imagine *Ariadne* stiff and cold:
When dead, they'll bury me in some back Garden,
For I can't give the Parish-Clerk a farthing.

And 'tis for you I all these Sorrows prove;
So, Mr. *Theseus*, thank you for your Love.

LEANDER to HERO:

The ARGUMENT.

Leander *an Vsher of a School, and chief Poet of* Richmond, *having contracted a more then ordinary Acquaintance with Mistress* Hero, *of* Twitnam, *a Governess or Tutress to young Ladies; such a reverential esteem had they procur'd to themselves at each place, that they could not conveniently meet without great scandal; therefore the Vsher frequently swam over to his Mistress by night, but at this time the* Thames *was so rough, that he was constrained to convey his mind to* Hero *by a Waterman in these Poetical Lines, wherein Love and Learning strive to outvie each other.*

YOur faithful Lover sends this Bille' dou'x.
Stuff'd full of Love, but not a word of news.
Believe not, I think much of any Labour,
Cou'd I have come my self, I'd ne're sent Paper;
The *Thames* is rough, the Winds so hard do blow,
I scarcely got a Waterman to goe.

And

And if I wou'd have given a thouſand pound,
This was the only Fellow to be found.
I ſtood upon the Shoar, while he went off,
The Boat once gone, I thought 'twas well enough
I muſt be careful whom I ſend by Water,
Our Family begins to ſmoak the matter:
Juſt as the Letter went, I had a fancy
Came in my head, I cou'd have made a Stanza:
Go Paper, go, and kiſs a whiter hand,
That oft hath put *Leander* to a ſtand.
Methinks, the Nymph perfumes it with her Breath,
And bites the wax off with her Ivory Teeth:
Her Shepherd would be glad to be ſo bit,
Until th' aforeſaid Teeth together met.
But then think I, theſe whimſeys ſhee'll condemn
The hand that writes, ſhould rather make me ſwim;
Bold ſtrokes in Poetry ſhe hardly blames,
But ſuch bold ſtrokes ſhou'd be upon the Thames:

Methinks

Methinks it is an Age ſince I ſwam o're,
I long until each Arm, does prove an Oar.
Fully reſolv'd I came to'th water ſide,
And thought the ſpace between us but a ſtride.
I ſaw your houſe, and wiſh'd that I cou'd clamber
To your watch-light in the ſupremeſt Chamber:
I pull'd off Coat and doublet twice or thrice,
But then I thought, — be merry and be wiſe.
Thus I in Verſe ſpake to the mighty *Boreas*,
Thou bluſtring youth — pray tell me why ſo furious;
Tho' amongſt Winds thou art a great Commander,
Blow gently for the ſake of poor *Leander*.
I croſs no Sea (Here *Thames* is call'd the Sea,
Becauſe it doth with lofty Verſe agree.)
I croſs no Sea to *Aſia* or to *Afrique*,
Upon the Account of Sublunary Traffique:
Ingots of Gold! alaſs! I do not ſeek 'em,
Give me my Heroes Love, them *omnia mecum*.

Boreas

Boreas himſelf does ſometimes leave off roaring
And goes a—woing, I'll not ſay a—whoring.
For ſeveral uſes you, your breath may ſpare,
Do not ſo fiercely move our *Richmond* Air.
But all was vain, *Boreàs* was ſtill unkind,
I did repeat my Verſes to the wind.
Had I but wings, I'd ſoar above the People
And place my ſelf juſt now on *Twitnam* Steeple.
I well remember that firſt night I ſwam,
That happy night I firſt to *Twitnam* came;
I put off all my cloaths, with them my fears,
And dous'd into the *Thames* o're head and ears.
The Moon took—care *Leander* ſhould not ſink,
And ſtole before me like a lighted Link:
I thank'd her for her Love, and thus did greet her,
As far as my poor Talent went—in meeter.
Ah gentle Moon, becauſe thou'rt kind to me,
I wiſh *Endymion* may be ſo to thee:

And as with him thou hold'ſt a private League
With thy broad Eye, ſo wink at my Intrigue.
Under correction to your Heavenly ſence,
Your caſe and mine have little difference.
A Goddeſs you love one of human Birth,
My Miſtreſs is a Goddeſs upon Earth:
Such ſort of Beauty as ſhe wears, is given
Only to ſuch as do belong to Heaven.
And if you are not of the ſelf ſame mind,
Begging your Pardon, *Cynthia*, you're blind.
With ſuch like words I got near *Twitnam* ſands,
And nothing all the way ſaw I but Swans.
At laſt I ſpy'd your Candle on the top,
Aye! now all's well, thought I, there is ſome hope.
But when you put your head out from the Caze-(ment,
Then was *Leander* ſtruck into amazement;
For two Lights more did from the Window ſeem,
Which made the artificial one look dim.

Your Eyes the Moon, and Candle made juſt four
I, like ſome Prince was lighted to the ſhoar.
But you're to blame, when you perceiv'd me
(come,
Nurſe ſayes, ſhe cou'd not keep you in the room,
But in your ſhift you wou'd be running down;
You'l get ſome violent cold, and then you're gone
But to ſay truth, thou art a loving Tit,
Thou hug'ſt me in thy arms all dripping wet:
I can but think how ſtrangely I did look,
When you put o're my head a Holland Smock;
And hand in hand thus walking from the *Thames*
We ſeem'd the Ghoſts of two diſtreſſed Dames.
But when we came to Bed, we underſtood,
We were no Ghoſts, but real Fleſh and Blood:
We did repeat more pleaſures in one hour,
Than ſome dull Lovers do in forty ſcore;
Becauſe we knew our time was very ſhort,
We cou'd not tell the number of our ſport.

Auro

Aurora does from *Tithon*'s Bed escape,
Tithon perhaps will take the other nap,
See her Postillian *Lucifer* before,
And now the Bus'ness of the Night is ore;
The day appears, *Leander* must be jogging,
And home agen among the Boyes a-flogging.
My well beloved *Amo* I forsake,
And to dull *Doceo* now I must go back.
A Substantive I'll always be to thee,
My pritty Verb *Deponent* thou shalt be.
If we were in conjunction day and night,
Leander would not prove a heteroclite:
In Grammer we make Noun to joyn with Noun,
Why shou'd not *Twitnam* joyn with *Richmond* (Town?
'Twou'd make one mad to think a foolish River,
Or any surly Winds should Lovers sever:
But hold *Leander*, let no Seas nor Wind
Disturb the quiet Freehold of thy Mind.

When firſt I croſt—my thought the Fiſh did gaze,
The Salmon ſeem'd to peep upon my Face;
I could hear Boatmen call from Weſtern Barge,
What Fiſh is that, my thinks 'tis very large.
They'd call me Porpus, and they'd jeer and flout (me;
But now by th' name of Brother they ſalute me:
How d'ee, ſays one; Good morrow, t'other cryes;
I civilly return them, *Bona dies.*
The Fiſherman that bobs all night for Eel,
Now ſayes, Your Servant, Sir, I wiſh you well:
God ſend you ſafe on t'other ſide the Water,
I ſay unto him, *Salvus ſis piſcator.*
I hope thoſe Halcyon Nights will ſoon return;
For want of 'em, does poor *Leander* mourn.
But if ſuch ſtorms in Summer time does hinder,
How ſhall I e're get to thee in the Winter?
If I do venture in, and ſhould be drown'd,
I hope by thee my Body will be found.

Thou'l

Thou'lt roul it up in Holland or in Bucram,
Then may I truly ſay—*mors mihi Lucrum.*
But let not this poſſeſs you I am dead,
A fooliſh whimſey came into my head,
We ſhall have many pleaſant Nights between us,
I'll come and hugg my *Hero ore-tenus.*
Pray put theſe Lines up ſafe, for fear you loſe 'em,
In that warm place where I would be, your Bo-
(ſom;
And in a little time, diſpute it not,
I'll come and juſtifie what I have wrot:
For when the Weather changes I'll not fail ye,
And untill then thou——*dulce decus Vale.*

HERO's *Answer.*

LEander, thank you kindly for your Letter,
Though if y'ad come your ſelf it had been better;
I cannot reſt, I know not what's the matter,
I'm all afire, to have you croſs the Water.
We Women when we've any thing to do,
Are ten times more deſirous of't than you;
Having diſmiſt your little Boyes from School,
You can walk out i'th Evening when 'tis cool;
You can divert your ſelf a hundred wayes,
I only ſtand upon the ſhoar and gaze:
You have a Green in which you bowl or bett,
And now and then three or four ſhillings get;
Or to the Tavern, when you pleaſe, you go
And drink a Bottle with a Friend or ſo;

While

While I ſit mop'd—like a neglected Cat,
And now and then with old dry Nurſe I chat:
What's your opinion, Nurſe, and tell me truly,
D'ye think the Wind to Night will be unruly?
What will *Leander* come? or keep away?
'Faith I don't know, ſayes ſhe, 'tis like he may;
Such drouſie anſwers I do ſeldom miſs,
D'ye think I han't a bleſſed time of this?
Up to my Chamber, when 'tis Night, I get,
And in the Window is my Candle ſet;
Perhaps I read a Play, or ſome Romances,
I ſoon grow weary of ſuch idle Fancies:
Then I peruſe your Letter o're again,
And more and more admire your learned ſtrain;
Then I ask Nurſes Judgment in the caſe,
But ſhe old Soul, 's as dull as e're ſhe was;
I make her ſtand upright (there I miſtake,
She can't ſtand ſo—for ſh'as a huckle back)

I mean, I ſet her ſomewhere in the Room,
And ſhe's to act as if you juſt were come;
My only Joy (ſay I) thou'rt welcome hither,
How didſt thou ſwim to me this ſtormy weather?
Speak, let me hear ſome Muſick from thy mouth,
Nurſe nods, and ſays—I'm pretty well forſooth:
Thus I beguile the time till Morning—peep,
Then I go into Bed and fall aſleep.
And there I do enjoy you in my dreams,
Spite of the Devil or the rougher Thames.
Methought I ſaw you come ſtark naked in,
Wet were your Locks, and dropping was your Skin;
I with an Apron rub'd you up and down,
And dry'd you from the toe unto the crown;
Then preſently we hugg'd with ſuch a force,
I ſhook the Bed, and wak'd, and ſtartled Nurſe;
And finding it to be a Dream—no more,
I grew as melancholy as before.

If

If in a dream ſuch tickling Joyes appear,
Much pleaſanter 'twou'd be, if you were here;
I don't know what to think: you us'd to ſay,
Ten thouſand Devils ſhould not ſtop your way:
Why ſhould the danger at this time be more?
The Wind blows hard, and ſo it did before;
But now I ſee which way 'tis like to drive,
A *Richmond* Wench as ſure as I'm alive;
Au! ſay ye ſo? why then it is for her
This Storm is rais'd, *Leander* cannot ſtir.
But hang't that cannot be, I'm turn'd a fool,
Leander was and is an honeſt Soul:
As ſoon as I had ſaid theſe words of you,
The Candle burn't not as it us'd to doe;
Sayes Nurſe, there is a Stranger in the Light,
Maſter *Leander* will be here to Night;
With that ſhe took the Brandy bottle up,
And pull'd from thence a very hearty ſup;

Sayes

Sayes she—if what I say should prove untrue,
I wish this blessed draught may ne're go through;
Therefore let's see you here to Night dear *Nandy*,
Or else poor Nurse must never more drink Brandy,
Perhaps you fancy you take double pains,
And make too great a trespass on your Reins,
To swim so far as you have us'd to do,
And after that to please a Mistress too;
Half of one half I'd ease you if I cou'd,
And meet you in the middle of the flood;
But from the latter service never flinch,
I should be loath to bate you half an inch;
But after all excusing what I'ave said,
Pray do not cross the River hand o're head;
I dream't last night, I hope 'tis no ill Luck,
A Spaniel Dog was hunting of a Duck,
There were some reeds which under water grew,
And more, perhaps, than the poor Spaniel knew.

He

He was entangled there, and there was found,
I came to help him, but the Curr was drown'd.
I do not tell this Dream to make you tardy,
But as a Caution not to be fool-hardy.
The Wind will soon be laid, the *Thames* be clear,
Then you may cross it, without wit or fear;
Make much of This, for if you fail me, then
By all the Gods I'll never write agen.

LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA to *PROTESILAUS*,

Lately Translated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

In the War between England *and* Holland, *one* Protesilaus, *an* Englisſh *Lieutenant of a Fifth Rate Frigat, being Wind-bound upon the* Downs; *his Wife* Laodamia, *hearing he was not gone off, ſent him this Letter; and, like a fond Wife, gives him ſtrict Caution to avoid Fighting.*

A Health to your Proſperity goes round,
And to your ſafe Return before you're (drown'd:
My Neighbour *Jackſon*'s Wife began it to me;
If I don't wiſh it, may it ne'er go through me:
We

We drink, and fanſie to our ſelves in vain,
That the good Winds will blow you back again.
I hate the Noiſe of a tumultuous Sea,
Give me a Tempeſt rais'd by you and me;
A Storm in which all Parts about us ſhake,
When we can hear the Bed beneath us crack.
At *Graveſend*, when we took our laſt Adieu,
The Parting Kiſs, remember, I gave you:
I, like a ſhitten Girle, began to cry;
I had no mind, methoughts, to ſay, God b'w'y:
I heard Tarpaulins roar out, Hoiſe up Sail;
On Board, on Board; here comes a merry Gale:
In ſuch brisk Gales poor Women don't delight,
They blow away the Pleaſures of the night:
As you went off, I could not bear the Loſs,
A Qualm came o'er my Stomach quite-a-croſs:
Old Mother *Crump*, a very ſubtle *Croan*,
Saw by my Looks that I was almoſt gon:

A Pint

A Pint of Brandy presently she brought,
And made me drink a very hearty draught;
She shew'd her Love, but what great good has't done?
How can I live with comfort now you're gone?
I wake, and find no Husband by my side;
I often think 'twere better I had dy'd:
Till you return, I'll ne'er be dreſt agen;
I have not comb'd my Head the Lord knows when;
A Glaſs of Wine sometimes my heart does cheriſh;
Wer't not for that, I fanſie I ſhou'd periſh:
Becauſe I go ſo taudry, like a Punk,
Some, that don't know me, think that I am drunk.
My Neighbours often tell me, Miſtreſs *Proteſ*—,
You go ſo ſtrangely, all the Street takes notice!
Says one, You do your Husband's Friends diſgrace;
For ſhame! Put on a Petticoat with Lace:
Why ſhould they think that I would wear a lac'd coat;
When my poor Husband's in a Seaman's waſtecoat?
Should

Should I adorn my Head with Curles and Tow-
(ers?
When a poor Skipper's Cap does cover yours.
These Plaguy *Dutch*; that they should break the
(Peace,
And not submit to us in *English* Seas:
Though, for my own particular, I swear,
If I could once again but have you here,
Let *Dutch* have Liberty to fish and foul,
I would not care a Farthing, By my Soul.
Methinks I see you now, and, by your looks,
You are engaging with a Butter-box:
Methinks just now a Bullet did escape,
And hit my Neck, just in the very Nape.
But oh! I swoon, when I do think of *Trump!*
His Ship's now giving yours a bloudy Thump!
Bless us, said I, Now, you are dispatch'd!
That Dog has been at Sea 'fore you were hatch'd:
For Heaven's sake avoid him if you can,
He's certainly the Devil of a Man!

If

If any Ship does make up toward you,
You may be sure *Van-Trump*'s among the Crew:
There's not a Shot does to your Vessel come,
But I receive the Pain on't here at home.
What am I better if you beat the *Dutch*,
And you come hopping hither on a Crutch?
How finely 'mong the Neighbourhood 'twoul
(shou
To see you strut upon a timber Toe?
To rout the Foe is some great Adm'ral's Office,
In these Engagements you are but a Novice;
Your single Valour's nothing on the Sea,
Your Combate should be hand to hand with me.
Would I were in the Fleet with *Trump* or *Ruyter*,
To them I would become an humble Suiter,
And point out to them where your Squadron lay
Directing them to shoot another way:
I'd speak t'em thus; Great Souls of *Amsterdam*,
Pray hear a silly Woman, as I am;

And let your Cannon my poor Husband ſhun,
He knows not to diſcharge a little Gun:
If you were Women, as you're Warlike Men,
He would perform great Actions wi' you then:
Your Fighting, Skirmiſhing, and Breaking Bones,
Are onely fit for Men that want their Stones.

Juſt as you were commanded to your Ship,
Remember, at the Stairs, your Foot did ſlip;
Think on that Slip, and, when the *Dutch* are ſhooting,
Duck down your Head, as if you wanted footing;
I wiſh your Captain ſome great Coward were,
And durſt not bring the Veſſel up for fear:
I wiſh to God he would not ſail too faſt;
You'll come too ſoon, although you come the laſt.
When you return, they'll ask how Matters ſtand;
I hope you'll know no more than we at Land.

All the day long I ſmell no ſcent but Powder,
Each minute Guns go louder off and louder.

Moſt marry'd Women long till it be night,
But, for my part, I hate the thoughts of it;
Unleſs, by chance, I ſleep, and dream of you:
Fancy's the kinder Husband then o' th' two:
And when I wake, and feel the Linnen wet,
I find, I've wept for joy upon the Sheet:
This to Enjoyment gives but half content;
When ſhall we meet together by conſent?
Oh, how I long to hear you tell in Bed
Some ſtrange Romantick Tale of what you did!
But when you find you can't prolong the Jeſt,
And, being at *Stand*,— kiſs out the reſt.

Againſt both Wind and Tide why will you go?
You'd ſcarce come home if Wind and Tide ſaid No.
You fight, methinks, about ſo mean a thing,
Which ſhould have Privilege of catching *Ling*:
Old Ling I hate worſe than a Common Whore;
(Would you lov'd Fighting with the *Dutch* no

(more:)

I ate

I ate it once, and that againſt my will,
And ſometimes fancy that I ſmell on't ſtill.
But though thou art expos'd to Seas and Wind,
It is ſome Eaſe unto my troubled Mind
To ſee thy comely Picture in the Hall,
Drawn to the Life with Charcoal on the Wall:
I prattle to it as if thou wert here;
'Tis late; Pr'ythee let's go to Bed, my Dear:
Methinks thou ſay'ſt, I'll humour thee for once;
Thou'lt work me at the laſt to Skin and Bones:
I kiſs the Wall, and do my Cheeks beſmear,
And ope my Mouth, as if your Tongue was (there.
By all the pleaſant Poſtures of Delight,
By all the Twines and Circles of the Night,
By the Firſt minute of our Nuptial Joys,
When you put fairly for a Brace of Boys,

I do conjure you, have a ſpecial care,
And let not ſaucy Danger come too near;
For when I hear that thou art knock'd o' th' head,
I'll hold you ten to one that I am dead.

OENONE

OENONE to PARIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *was the Son of* Priam *a Wealthy Old Citizen and Alderman of* London. *When* Hecuba *his Mother was big with Child of him, she dream't a fooliſh conceited Dream, which occaſion'd Old* Priam *to conſult* Lilly, *who told him, That* Paris *in proceſs of time would occaſion his houſe to be burnt down. Therefore the credulous Alderman ſends him into the Countrey far* North *to be diſpos'd of as a By-blow. When he grew fit for Service, he was entertain'd in a Gentleman's Houſe, where he contracted a Boſom-acquaintance with* Oenone *a Young Wench and fellow Servant with him in the ſame houſe. His Father began to come to himſef, and hearing where he was, ſent for him, and own'd him as his Son; but before that, he had diſengaged himſelf from Service, and ran away with one* Hellen, *who was Wife to* Menelaus. Oenone *being inform'd of All theſe proceedings, writes to him this Letter.*

AFter my hearty Love to you remember'd,

Hoping you are not in Body diſtemper'd

More than my ſelf at the writing hereof;
If it be ſo, we are both well enough:
Your Uſage has been ſuch to poor *Oenone*,
That none but ſuch a fool as I would own' e'e;
I hear you're run away with *Menels* Wife,
I pitty her, ſhe'll lead a bleſſed Life;
What mighty miſchief have I done, I wonder;
You'l never have a younger, nor a ſounder.
If by my means y'had met with ſome diſaſter,
Had I procur'd you Anger from your Maſter;
If I had giv'n you that they call a Clap,
You'd had ſome ſmall Excuſe for your Eſcape:
But now you've had your ends, away to ſneak,
Come! come! theſe things wou'd make a body ſpeak.
You were not then ſo Uppiſh——when you ſaid,
A Dutcheſs was a T——t' a Servant Maid;
You were a Groom your ſelf, you know 'tis truth,
Not all your Greatneſs now—can ſtop my mouth;

If

If you were able to keep house you swore
You'd marry me for all I was your Whore,
We were together on a Summers day,
Both in the Stable, on a Truss of Hay;
You can't forget some pretty pastimes there,
No body saw us but the Chesnut Mare:
You said such glorious things, the very Beast
Prick'd up her Ears, and thought you were in Jest:
But I did prove the verrier Beast oth' two,
For like an Ass I thought that all was true;
Soon after—you were taken from the Stable,
To wait upon my Master at his Table;
To undertake it you seem'd very loath,
Did I not teach you then to lay a Cloath?
There's no man but must have his first beginning,
Who learnt you then to fold your Table Linnen?
Did you not often when the Cloath was spred,
Just in the middle put your Salt and Bread

You have been threatned oft to loſe your place,
Becauſe you knew not how to fill a Glaſs;
You pour'd in Wine up to the very top,
I told you you ſhould fill but to the knob.
Did I not ſhew you how to broach your Drink,
And tilt the Veſſel when't began to ſink?
I was your deareſt Honey---all that while
There was not ſuch a Girle in Forty mile:
You carv'd my name upon the Trencher-Plates,
And on the Elmes before the outward Gates;
And as we ſee in time thoſe Elmes encreaſe,
So will my name grow greater with the Trees;
And any one that ſtands but at the doore,
May ſee *Oenone* (your obedient Whore).
You never have been well, ſince thoſe three Maids,
Rather thoſe impudent and bold-fac'd Jades
Differ'd among them---ſelves, which it ſhould (be,
That had the cleanlieſt ſhape of all the Three.

To

To you they came when you were in the Close,
The Little Field that was behind the House,
Stark naked did they come from top to toe,
Paris, say they, we will be Judg'd by you.
Heavens preserve your eye-sight—how you gaz'd,
Nor could you speak a word, you were so 'maz'd:
At last you Judg'd with many a hum! and haw!
Venus the finest Wench that e're you saw.
This was a *Whitson* Frolique, as they said,
A pretty prank to shew you all they had.
To see how naked Women are bewitching,
Since that y' have minded nothing else but bitch-
(ing.
Soon after that your project was of stealing
That over-ridden Whore that Mistress *Hellen*:
I must be gone a little while, you said,
(Then was this Bus'ness brooding in your head.)
You kist me hard as if I cou'd not feel,
And swore that you wou'd be as true as steel:

Said

Said you—Doubt nothing, for the caſe is plain,
I'm prov'd the Son of an Old Alderman,
And ſent for home, my Father's very ill,
I muſt be by, at making of his Will;
Oh that we cou'd but bury the old Cuff,
Then marry you, all wou'd be well enough.
You may've a richer Wife, but not a better,
For I am no ſuch deſpicable Creature;
Not to diſparage your good Lady Mother,
I can behave my ſelf as well's another.
No Wife like me was there in Chriſtendom,
When you were honeſt *Pall*—Squire *Sheepheard's*
(Groom.
My Father's but a plain Old Man, 'tis true,
But's Daughter h'as been bred as high as you.
He is an honeſt Man, what e'r I am,
And may be ſav'd as ſoon as Maſter *Priam.*
Were I your Wife, my carriage ſhou'd not ſhame
Your Mother *Hec.*—tho' ſhee's a ſtately Dame.

What

What though these hands have us'd a Dripping-(pan,
Yet on occasion they can furle a Fan.
Now on a little Folding Bed I lye,
(Tho' in that Bed sometimes lay you and I)
Yet I know how perhaps to hold my head,
If I were carry'd to a Damasque Bed.
If you had marry'd me y'had met with quiet,
What can y' expect from her but noise and riot?
You now have caught a most notorious Strum-(pet;
Besides 'tis known, as if y'ad blown a Trumpet;
Where e're you come you'l meet with frumps and (jeers,
Her Husband too, will be about your Ears.
In little time from you she will be budging,
She'l lye with any body for a Lodging.
When first of all we closely were acquainted,
(Which now it is too late, I have repented)
Cassandra was a Gipsey in the Town,
Who went a Fortune-telling up and down;

I gave

I gave her broken meat, which we cou'd ſpare,
Shee'd tell me all my Fortune to a hair:
You love (ſayes ſhe) a Man not tall nor ſquat,
But a good hanſome Fellow, (mark ye that?)
This Youth and you 'tis likely may do well,
If he eſcape but one—they call her *Nell*,
But if they two ſhould chance to lye together,
Hee'll break the heart of you, and of his Father.
Who this *Nell* was, I cou'd not chuſe but wonder;
But now I know who 'tis—a Pox confound her!
I'll make *Caſſandra* 'Liar tho', in part;
You've vex'd me, but you ne're ſhall break my heart
This very Whore I ſpeak on, ran-away
With ſuch another Fellow t'other day,
And when her cloaths were gone, and money la-
viſh'd,
She came and told her Husband ſhe was raviſh'd.
I'm ſure I'm true, for here ſince you were gone,
Hath been ſome loving Boobyes of the Town,

One

One of the Fellows ſurely is a Satyr,
He follows me, and ſwears hee'l watch my water:
We have a Servant come—pretends to Phyſick,
He hath a Cure for any one that is ſick;
He cures the Tooth-ach; if your Finger's cut,
A Plaiſter to it preſently hee'l put;
Freckles i'th' face he cures, and takes off Pimples,
'Hath taught me too the uſe of Herbs and Simples;
But I muſt beg my fellow-Servant's pardon,
'Gainſt Love there is no Herb nor Flow'r i'th' (Garden:
For this Diſeaſe I muſt rely upon ye,
Come and live here again, you'l cure *Oenone*.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE to *ULYSSES*,

Lately translated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D

The ARGUMENT.

There happning a Rebellion in Scotland, *in that Army which went under the Command of the Duke*; Ulysses *went Voluntier. The Rebels being quell'd, the Army return'd home*; *but* Ulysses *lay loitring at some Inn on the Road*; *which when his Careful Wife* Penelope *understood, she sent him this Epistle*; *giving him an Account how Affairs stood at home.*

YOur poor *Penelope* admires that you
Should ever use a Woman as you do!

Now

Now every Souldier's at his own aboad,
You, like a Sot, ly tipling on the Road:
You are not left behind 'em as a Spy,
T' inform, in caſe of ſecond Mutiny:
The Devil of Hell will have that Fellow ſurely,
Who firſt began this plaguy Hurly-burly.
Had it not been for this unlucky Fight,
Y'ad ſtuck to work all day:—to me at night.
Poor I muſt drudge at home all ſorts of wea-(ther,
And knit,—as Heaven and Earth would come to-(gether;
Twirling a Wheel, I ſit at home—hum-drum,
And ſpit away my Nature on my Thumb:
Thus, while I ſpin, you, like a careful Spouſe,
Go reeling up and down from houſe to houſe.
Being you ſtay'd ſo long, I did conjecture,
You had been maul'd by *Sauny*, the *Scotch* Hector:
Old *Neſtor*'s Son, that Fool, ſtood juſt by you,
When's empty Scull, they ſay, was ſplit in two:

And, when he dropt, for all you are so stout,
You wish'd your self at home, in shitten clout.
Yet, after all, *Ulysses*, I am glad
You are alive, though you're a scurvy Lad.
Our Neighbours here all day do tittle tattle,
And talk of nothing else but Bloud and Battle;
Were you at home, you could not chuse but laugh
To hear 'em crack and bounce, now they are safe:
Perhaps when three or four of them are met,
And round about a Kitchin-Table set,
There's such a Noise, a Clutter, and a Din,
The Rebel *Scots* are routed o're agen.
Some with Tobacco-Pipes upon the Table,
Do valiantly demonstrate to the Rabble
The Foes chief Strength; with that another Spark
Hamilton's House describes; a third, the Park;
Another spils some Ale upon the Bench,
And, with his Finger, learns you to entrench;

One

One acts how fierce our valiant Souldiers ran-on,
Dismounts a Can, and tells you, 'tis a Cannon;
Another cries, Neighbours, observe and look,
This Pot's Sir *Thomas*, and this Glass the Duke.
Thus while the Husbands draw this bloudy Scheme,
The Wives, behind their Chairs, were in a Dream;
Nay, some of 'em (I question whether 'ts true)
Do tell some mighty Deeds perform'd by you;
That, being provok'd, you like a valiant Man-drew,
And cut a *Scotch*-man's Luggs off—by St. *Andrew*.
I'm ne'er the nearer, though they're overcome;
If you'll not mind your Business here, at home:
For my own part, I would not care a pinn
If they were still in Arms, and you in mine:
Pr'ythee, come home; I cannot chuse but wonder
What-a-God's-name you can be doing yonder:
By every Post and Carrier to the North
I've sent more Paper then your Neck is worth:

I've ſent to *Hull*, to *Berwick*, and to *Grantham*;
I might as well have ſent a Poſt to *Bantam*.
Perhaps ſome Tapſter's Wife ſubdues your Heart,
Or elſe her Drink's ſo ſtrong you cannot part:
And, when you're drunk, Lord, how your Tongue (does run,
That you've a Houſe well furniſh'd here in Town,
In which your Wife (or rather, Drudge) doth dwell
As conſtantly at home, as Snail in Shell.
(But yet, when I remember parting Kiſſes,
Then, then, methinks, thou ſhouldſt be true, *Ulyſſes*.)
My Father ſays, you're drown'd i'th watry (Main;
The old Man joques, and bids me wed again;
His Counſel, like himſelf, is ſtill unſound,
I'd rather he were hang'd then you were drown'd.
Every day here comes a ſort of Fellows,
Enow to make a fooliſh Husband jealous,
From *Whetſon*'s-Park, *Moor-fields*, or ſuch like places,
Fellows with Cuts and Frenches in their Faces;

There

There are but ſeven Fingers amongſt four,
And here they domineer, and ſwear, and roar:
Two of 'em ſay, they have been vaſt Commanders,
The other trail'd a Pike with You in *Flanders*;
There's one of 'em, they call him, Merry *Robert*,
He, in a merry way, broke up the Cubboard;
Here hath been *Irus* too, that *Iriſh* Thief,
W' hath eaten up a Surloin of Roaſt-bief;
What ſignifies my Father or my Self,
We can't ſecure our Meat upon the Shelf?
What great defence can Nurſe or little Boy-make
Againſt a Fellow with a Horſe's ſtomach?
The little Rogue, your Son, was almoſt drown'd,
Padling about, he tumbled in the Pond,
But we recover'd him with much adoe,
I hope, hee'll prove a better Man than you.
In ſhort, If ſpeedily you do not come,
You will be eaten out of houſe and home:

The old Man's crazy, we from him muſt part;
And I have lay'd your uſage ſo to heart,
That I am grown ſo wither'd now with Grief,
I look—more like your Mother then—

Your Faithful Wife,

PENELOPE.

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA to *HIPPOLYTUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus *having made his Eſcape out of* France *with* Phædra——(*whoſe Siſter* Ariadne *he deſerted at* Calais) *when he came into* England *marry'd her, and brought her home to a Farm-Houſe near* Putney *in* Surrey, *which he Rented of one Mr.* Jove; *which Houſe during his Travell,* (*or rather his Ramble*) *he committed to his Son* Hippolytus, *who was a great Hunter, a handſome Fellow, and a Woman—hater; for which two laſt Reaſons Phædra his Mother, after ſhe had acquainted her ſelf with her Neighbours, and houſhold affairs, fell deſperately in Love; inſomuch that nothing would ſerve her but carnal copulation with her Son in Law; to accompliſh which, ſhe humbly entreats him by this Letter to conſider her Condition.*

TO you, my Lad, I ſend this amorous Scroul,
Wiſhing you health, with all my Heart and (Soul;
Your Mother, and your Lover does beſeech,
That with theſe Lines you wou'd not wipe your (Breech:
'Thank

'Thank God, my Father gave his Children breed-
(ing,
And taught us all, our Writing and our Reading.
By Letters Men have News, and Women find
Which way and how their Sweet-hearts are en-
(clin'd.
Thrice I resolv'd to tell you all I thought,
But for my Blood I cou'd not get it out:
I just began to say—My dearest *Poll*,
Then laugh'd, and turn'd aside, and ruin'd all:
Tho' 'tis no laughing matter, for I own
I love the very Ground thou tread'st upon.
I'll tell thee, *Poll*, and mark me what I say,
If Love thou Sullenly dost disobey,
Tho' he's a Boy, not half so big as you,
Yet Fairy-like he'll pinch yo' black and blew;
On a full speed your Horse he'll lead astray,
And like a Hare he'll cross you in your way.
If he assaults— you cannot beat him off
Either with hunting Pole or Quarter Staff.

'Hath

'Hath ſworn, (tho' to your Father I am wed,)
To bind you faſt, and bring you to my Bed.
'Tis true, your ſtrength is great, his only Art,
You pitch the Bar, and he can throw a Dart.
What need I uſe theſe words? dear *Polly*—come,
Let us embrace, your Father's not at home.
You know my Reputation's very great,
Whoo'd gueſs that You and I ſhou'd do the feat.
Oh how I'm ſtung, I have as little Eaſe,
As if I had diſturb'd a Hive of Bees.
I purre and purre, juſt like our Tabby Cat,
As if I knew not what I wou'd be at:
When Young, I cou'd have cur'd theſe am'rous ſtings
With Carrots, Radiſhes, or ſuch like things;
Now there's no pleaſure in ſuch Earthly cures,
I muſt have things apply'd as warm as yours.
Where lyes the blame, art thou not ſtrong, and young?
Who wou'd not gather fruit that is well hung?

Or who can call't a Sin when we have done,
Mayn't I have leave to hug my Husband's Son?
Suppoſe our Landlord *Jove*, that gallant Wight,
Had a months mind to lodge with me a night;
Nay—if his Lady too ſhould give conſent,
For you I'd quit him, though hee'd quit his rent.
Since you'l not hunt in this my ſofter place,
Where I ſhould get the better of the chaſe;
Since the large Fields and Woods you rummage (thorough,
Disdaining my poor little Cunny—borough;
I'll follow you o're Ditches, and throu' Boggs,
And whoop and hollow after all the Dogs:
I'll ſpeak to th' hounds ſo well hey! *Jowler*, *Bow-* (man,
That none, but you, ſhall know I am a Woman:
I'll praiſe your Greyhound *Delia*, when you (courſe,
She ſhall my Miſtreſs be, and I'll be yours.
Under a hedge I'll ſquat down like a Hare,
And you alone ſhall find me ſitting there.

Some

Sometimes upon a Horſe I'll get aſtride,
And after you, as I were mad, I'll ride;
For all our Generation have been ſo,
When they're in Love they know not what they (do.
You've heard that Miſtreſs *Europe* was my Gran- (dam;
She went away with *Jupiter* at Random.
Paſiphae my Mother was ſo full
Of ſtrange Vagaries, that ſhe ſuck'd a Bull.
My Husband with my Siſter lay—or rather
I ſhould have told you that it was your Father.
Poor *Adne* was ſtark mad for him, and now
I am (God knows) as mad in Love with you.
So that between the Father and the Son,
There are two Siſters like to be undone.
I never ſhall forget with what a Grace
You dreſt your ſelf in order for the chaſe;
Your Viſage not too red, but only tan'd,
Of the ſame colour with your brawny hand.

An ancient Bever on your head you put,
Like a three-Pigeon Pye, in corners cut,
A little Jacket made of blewish green,
Which had the Death of many a Badger seen.
Your hair your own, which shew'd you not de-
(bauch'd,
Not nicely trim'd, for here and there 'twas notch'd
I hate your Fellows with your powder'd Wigs,
As m' Husband us'd to say, they look like Prigs.
You'd lasting Breeches made of Buckskin Leather,
To keep the fundamental parts from weather.
But when you reach'd your hanger from the Bed,
Another Weapon came into my head.
Not all your dayes can give you such delight,
Or half the Sport I'll shew you in a Night.
Delia's your Joy, *Delia* does you bewitch;
Can you neglect a Christian, for a Bitch?
Cephalus your Companion and old Crony,
Valu'd a Dog better than ready money.

Hee'd

Hee'd get upon a Horſe, though half aſleep,
Ready to hunt before the Day did peep;
But when h'ad once taſted *Aurora's* ſweets,
He found out better Game between the ſheets;
For then unleſs ſhe pleas'd, he durſt not ſay,
(Nor did he wiſh) that it would e're be day.
Why ſhould not we conſent to try our skill?
I'm certain you and I can do as well.
Therefore dear *Poll*, I offer very fair,
Under *Barn-Elmes* I'll meet you if you dare;
Since none but Countrey Sports can humour you,
I'll wraſtle wi' you there a fall or two;
Though o' my Conſcience I believe you'l throw (me,
But if you ſhou'd, perhaps it won't undo me;
And when you have me down among the Trees,
You wanton Rogue, you may do what you pleaſe.
Wee'd no ſuch opportunity before:
Your Father is at *London* with his Whore.

There-

Therefore I think 'tis but a just design,
To cuckold him, and pay him in his coin.
Besides, he ne're was marry'd to your Mother,
He first whor'd her, and then he took another.
What kindness or respect ought we to have
For such a Villain and perfidious Knave?
This should not trouble, but provoke us rather
With all the spited we can to lye together.
I am no kin to you, nor you to me,
They call it Incest but to terrifie.
Lovers Embraces are Lascivious Tricks,
'Mongst musty Puritans and Schismaticks.
Did not our Master *Jove* chuse him a Mistress,
Who should it be, but one of his own Sisters?
There's no engendring can be truly good,
But when we fancy that we're of a blood.
Under the names of Mother and of Son,
What pretty pleasant actions may be done?

All

All they will ſay, becauſe I'm kind to thee,
I'm Mother both in Law and Equity.
Take heart of Grace, be not afraid of Spyes,
I care not if there were Ten thouſand Eyes;
I'll leave the door without a Bolt or Lock:
What if they ſaw us in our Shirt and Smock.
Nay I'll ſuppoſe we ſhould be ſeen in Bed,
What can there to our prejudice be ſaid?
That you came wet and dripping from the chaſe,
And I'd a mind to give you my warm place.
I did not think to've ſaid ſo much in haſt,
But Love like Murther muſt come out at laſt:
The Fort lyes open, therefore ſcorn it not,
But come with ſpeed, and enter on the ſpot;
Let us imagine now the worſt can happen;
Suppoſe that you and I were taken napping;
And *Theſeus* ſayes, Begone you filthy Whore;
Away you Rogue, and ſo he ſhuts the door.

What

What if he does, why then for *France* with ſpeed,
We ſhall be there ſupply'd with all we need.
My Father dwells at *Paris* in good credit,
And well to paſs is he, though I have ſaid it;
There he's well known as Beggar knows his diſh,
We'll live as bravely then as Heart can wiſh:
Therefore make haſte, dream not of any harms,
Thou'lt be ſecure enough within my arms.
When you go out, may you be ſure of Game;
May your horſe never tire nor happen lame:
At a default may the Dogs never be,
May *Delia* bring forth Whelps as good as ſhe.
May you i'th' Field ne're want a draught of Beer,
Or Bread and Cheeſe, or ſuch like hunting cheer;
While I ſit pining for you here at home,
When I have cry'd out both my Eyes you'l come.

HIPSIPYLE

HYPSIPYLE to *JASON.*

Lately tranſlated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Jaſon, *a* quondam *Foot-man, with ſome others, the nimbleſt of the ſame Function, joyn'd their Stocks, and purchas'd a Silver-Bowl, which they ran for from* Barnet *to St.* Albans; *but, before the day of the Match, one* Medæa, *a Gipſey, and Strouler in thoſe Parts, took a more then ordinary fancy towards* Jaſon, *whom ſhe ſo dieted with new laid Eggs, or what the Devil it was elſe, (ſhe being ſuſpected of Witchcraft,) that he won the Plate; and beat two famous Foot Jockeys,* Whipping-Tom *and* Teage: Hypſipyle, *his Wife, whom he*

he had deserted, hearing of his good success, and withall, of his Love-intrigue with Medæa, *caused this Epistle to be sent to him.*

From So-hoe *Fields*, Feb. 27. 167⅞.

Husband,

THE Neighbours in our Alley do relate,
That at St. *Albans* you have won the Plate.
How easy'a matter had it been for you.
T' have sent poor *Hyp.* your Wife, a *George* or two!
Did I, when *Flannel* was both dear and scarce,
Make you Trunk-hose to your ungrateful Arse;
I sew'd so long, my Fingers still do ake,
And, in all Conscience, I deserve my Snack.
I can hear something, though I keep at home;
I hear, y' have beaten *Teague* and *Whipping-Tom.*
You ran so swift, and strong, the People say,
You bore down all that stood but in your way:

Before

Before your foundred Fellows could come up
You won the Match, and seis'd the *Caudle-Cup*.
I know, y' have been a Rogue, and done me wrong;
Yet I'd hear this from your own flattring Tongue.
But why shouldst thou e'er hope for that, poor *Hypsi*,
Since *Jason* loves a Bacon-visag'd Gipsey.
As I was washing, th' other day at door,
There came a Scoundril, ill-look'd Son-of-a-whore,
Who, jeering, ask'd if I were Madam *Jason*?
I'd like t' have thrown Soap suds his ugly Face on.
Said I, I'm *Jason*'s Wife, for want of better;
Have you brought Money from him, or a Letter?
How does he doe? Is he not very fine?
Come, come, let's see, I'm sure h'ath sent me Coin.
Quoth he, By God of Heaven, not a Souze;
He onely bid me see you at your House.
The Fellow told m' a Tale of Cock and Bull;
At last, I ask'd about your Tawny-Trull.

He said, *Medæa*'s your beloved Gipsey,
And that you're often seen together tipsey;
But, he believ'd, 'twas but a Trick of youth:
A Trick! said I, the Devil stop your Mouth.
Would I'd been lash'd and whipt the City (round
That day I marry'd thee, loose Vagabond:
The Hangman in disguise read Common-pray'r
When we were match'd, a very Hopeful Pair:
Curst be the time I did admit you first,
And strove to quench your everlasting thirst:
What Plague possest me when I brought you (home?
This was no place to run with *Whipping-Tom*.
If I had taken but my Sister's counsel,
Y'had never set your flat-foot o'er the groundsel:
She bid me exercise the Fork and Spit;
We'd then good Goods, but now the De'il a bit.
'Twas well enough a year, nay, almost two;
What Fury hath possession of you now?
Villain,

Villain, remember, when you went away,
How oft you Damn'd your ſelf, you would not ſtay;
And ſmoothly ſaid, No place ſhall us divide;
A Curſe upon your baſe diſſembling Hide:
I was ſo big that I could hardly tumble,
Yet I believ'd your Oaths, and durſt not grumble:
Said you, Dear *Hypſi.* know that I am dead,
If I don't come before you're brought to bed;
You look'd like Air, with Breeches cloſe to thighs,
I fancy'd you'd be back within a trice:
When you were gone, I to the Garret crept,
To ſee how nimbly o'er the Fields you tript;
As ſwift you went, ſo ſwift return you'ld make,
But all this haſte was for that Bitche's ſake:
Why do I rub my Windows, waſh my Room,
Expecting ſtill your Rogueſhip would come home?
'Twould never vex me, if you were not ſeen
With ſuch a damn'd confounded naſty Quean:

A Witch, a Bitch, in whom the Devil dwells,
Whose Face is made of Greaſe and Wall-nut-ſhells.
Maſter, quoth ſhe, e'er from this Town you ſtir
You'll loſe, (that is, Your Pocket's pick'd by her.)
A plaguy Jade, who curſes Night and Noon,
And houls, and heaves her Arſe againſt the Moon,
Contemning her as Authreſs of the Flowers;
Railing at all our Sex, and poxing yours:
No Childing-Woman doth in Travel linger,
But tow'rds her Pain this Fiend holds up a Finger:
She'll ride a Stick; when Sow is brought to bed,
Then Pigs have no more life than pigs of Lead:
She, with the Mother, at a door will wheedle,
And, in her Infant's heart, will ſtick a Needle:
This I believe, what e'er of me you think,
S' hath put ſome Rotten-poſt into your drink.
'Tis ſtrange, that I ſhould ſuffer all theſe Wrongs
From her, whom I would ſcorn to touch with Tongs.
You'll

You'll loſe the Name of beating *Tom* and *Teague*,
Whilſt with this Whore you do continue League:
Nay, ſome do very confidently ſay't,
'Twas by her Witch-craft that you won the Plate:
Some think her Devil, others, new-laid Eggs,
Made you ſo faſt advance your Bandy-leggs:
What can you find in ſuch a Punck as ſhe
Who from a Dunghill brings her Pedigree?
My Father dwells at Sign of *Golden-Can*,
An honeſt Vict'ler, a ſubſtantial Man:
'Tis true, they ſay, he is a drunken Sot;
What then; i'th' Pariſh he paies Scot and Lot:
Old *Bacchus*, the Wine-cooper, was my Grandſire;
Let her produce ſuch Kindred if ſhe can Sir:
Her Children have been gotten in a Bog
By ſome large-pintled Wolf, or Maſtive Dog:
My Babes were neither got nor whelp'd i'th' (Streets,
I labour'd for them 'twixt a pair of Sheets:

That they are yours, I'm ſure, you need not (doubt,
For they're as like as if y' had ſpit them out:
Could they have gon alone, I'd made 'em amble
To your Apartment underneath a Bramble;
But I conſider'd how your Whore would treat ('em,
Nay, it is ten to one, the Hag would eat 'em;
Or elſe, perhaps, ſhe'd ſtick their tender Skins
All full of Sparables, or crooked Pins;
Since of her own s' hath murther'd many a Brat,
Would ſhe ſpare mine; oh! never tell me that.
Methink I ſee you and the hell-born Toad
Engendring in a Tree that's near the Road:
Suppoſe you were purſu'd, as y' are a Thief;
Where would you fly? where would you find (relief?
What if your ſelf and yonder Devil's dam
Should come to me, and try if you could ſham?

Sure

Sure I ſhould make you very welcome both,
And entertain you nobly, by my Troth.
I ſhould toward you have ſome relenting (Heart,
But 'tis my Goodneſs more than your deſert:
And, for your Fire-brand there, that loathſome (Hag,
I would contrive the greateſt Pain and Plague:
Her Noſe being ſlit, to make her look more grim,
Like a *Spred-Eagle* on her Face ſhould ſeem:
Her coarſe black Skin ſhould from her Fleſh be (rent;
I'd run a Spit into her Fundament;
And, *Jaſon*, this thy Puniſhment ſhould be,
Thou ſhouldſt eat thoſe, ſo oft have ſwallow'd (thee.
But ſince it muſt not be, I am contented
To let my Spleen in curſing her be vented:
May ſhe all Suſtenance for ever lack,
Untill ſhe takes her Child from off her Back,
And puts it in her Belly for a Nuncheon,
And for the Fact be thrown into a Dungeon:

May she be burnt to Cinders as a Witch,
And you be hang'd for loving of the Bitch.

Yours, as you have us'd her,

HYPSIPYLE.

For John Jason, *to be left at his Apartment, in a hollow Tree, between* Barnet *and St.* Albans.

PARIS

PARIS to *HELLEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *had liv'd a great while in Obſcurity, at laſt being own'd by Alderman* Priam *a Rich Old Citizen, and receiv'd as his Son—he ſet up for a Gentleman; but very well knowing he could not be rightly accompliſh'd without a Miſtreſs, and hearing Fame ſpeak* viva voce *in the praiſe of one* Hellen, *who liv'd ſomewhere in the* North. *He was at her houſe receiv'd, and during the abſence of* Menelaus *her Husband, he endeavour'd to break his Mind to her; but being not through-pac'd in Gentility, his Modeſty got the upper hand of his inclination, therefore he preſently had recourſe to his Pen, and writes her this conceited Letter.*

FReely and from my heart without compel-
(ling,
I wiſh all health and happineſs to *Hellen*:
For if you're Sick, I'm ſure to ſuffer pain;
As I'm a Lover and a Gentleman,

I need

I need not tell you that I'm off oth' hooks,
Your Ladiſhip diſcerns it by my Looks:
For you whoſe Eyes have ſuch a piercing Quick-
(neſs,
May ſee I'm overgrown in the Green-ſickneſs;
So that upon the whole and perfect Matter,
I am your Servant, but I ſeem your Daughter.
I cou'd eat walls as well as white bread crum,
But fear to eat you out of houſe and home.
For this diſtemper I've read many Cures,
But the ſole power of healing muſt be Yours.
Your Holineſs (I cannot call you leſs,
That doth on Earth perform ſuch Miracles,)
Your holineſs I ſay within few Weeks,
May fetch a lively colour in my Cheeks.
But if we are too long e're we begin,
I'm apt to fear it may corrupt within.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that makes me toſs & tumble,
And in my Entrails does like Jollup rumble:

'Tis

'Tis as impoſſible you ſhould not ſee't,
As 'tis to hide the Pox both ſmall and great.
'Tis Love, You know th' effects of that diſeaſe,
Therefore pray fall to work when e're you pleaſe.
If at theſe Lines you do not jeer nor Jybe,
There is ſome hopes you may receive the Scribe.
And Madam know, I did engage the Stars,
Before I durſt engage in *Cupid*'s Wars.
This is a grand affair, I had been ſilly
T'ave ventur'd on't without conſulting *Lilly*:
To him I went for my own happy ends,
And all the Planets he hath made my Friends.
But above all, the moſt pellucid *Venus*,
Hath promis'd there ſhould be a Job between us;
She knoweth beſt what's good for you and me,
She does command our Fates and Powers d'ye ſee.
Without her leave no living Lover ſtirs,
Paris, ſaid ſhe, put on your Boots and Spurs.

She

She did consent I should ascend my horse,
And toward your Mansion bend my glorious (course.
Never by her was riding yet forbidden,
Her Goddess-ship with pleasure has been ridden.
My heart's upon the racking trot—alas!
But she can bring it to a gentle pace.
Next, Madam, know, your Sight was no surprize,
I lov'd you by my Ears as well as Eyes.
Your Fame hath much out-sounded the Report,
Of the great Guns at taking of a Fort.
I came not here to seek terrestrial pelf,
I made this progress for your heavenly self.
The Womb o'th' Universe if I should rifle,
To your more secret parts 'twere but a trifle.
To see your ancient Pile, I do not range,
We have more lofty Fabricks near th' Exchange.
'Twas for your sake I spurr'd my stubborn Steed,
For you alone thro' thick and thin I rid.

You're

You're mine, what desperate mortal dares gain-
(say't?
Sure I may take my Planet's word for that.
I fain would tell your Ladyship a Dream,
If it would not too great a trouble seem.
My Mother dream't, when she with me was quick,
She should bring forth a lighted Fagot—stick:
I am that Faggot-stick, I burn apace,
Oh quench me, Madam, in your watring—place.
I've taken fire at you, as match at tinder;
Cool me, or else your Servant is a Cinder.
This was my Mother's dream, I now design,
Under Correction, to relate you mine.
I laid me down to sleep one Summers day,
Under the shade of a new Stack of Hay;
For we poor Lovers, such is our hard case,
Are glad to take a Nap in any place;
Three naked Ladies came, I well remember,
As naked as the Trees are — in *December*;

They

They told me they'd be judg'd alone by me,
Which was the moſt deſerving of the Three;
The firſt would bribe me with a Purſe of Gold;
My Judgment's neither to be bought nor ſold:
The ſecond offer'd me a Tilting Sword,
Knowing I ne're would take an angry word:
But ſayes the third, and in my face ſhe giggled,
With ſuch poor toyes you're not to be inveigled,
But if you value me above the reſt,
Then know young—man, you are for ever bleſt.
Within a little time you ſhall arrive,
Where a reſplendent Country Dame does live;
Firſt you muſt court her like an humble Beggar,
At laſt ſhee'll yield, and you may lay your Leg—
(o're;
The Prize is yours, ſaid I, you ought to take't,
I kiſs'd her lower Parts, and ſo I wak'd.
My Dream is out, for thus I do explain it,
You are the Countrey Dame, and ſhe the Planet.

Without

Without delay I put on my accoutring,
And with full ſpeed, I came to you—a—ſuitring
But juſt as I was putting Foot in Stirrup,
Drinking with Friends a parting cup of Syrrup,
My Siſter came to th'door, a mad young Laſs,
Her name's *Caſſandra*, but we call her *Caſs*;
Brother, quoth ſhe, beware, beware, I ſay,
You do not meet a Fireſhip by the way:
A ſtrange wild Wench, I hope ſhe did not mean
That any where your Ladiſhip's unclean;
Heavens forbid, Good Soul, ſhe meant no more
Then flames of Love, as I have ſaid before.
Being arriv'd at this your decent houſe,
Whom ſhould I meet but your Illuſtrious Spouſe?
He brought a Tankard out of good March Beer,
Cold Pork and Butter, and ſuch houſhold chear;
He aſk'd—if ever I Tobacco took,
I ſaid I'd take a pipe—but cou'd not ſmoak;

He

He shew'd m' his Garden, and his fine young (Trees,
His Barn, his Stable, and his house of Ease:
I said, 'Twas wondrous pretty—but my mind
Still ran on what my Planet had design'd.
At last you came with such a dazling grace,
I thought the Sun and Moon was in your face,
Lilly's and Roses, Pinks and Violets,
Your Looks were loaded with the vernal sweets;
Your poor adorer was in such amaze,
I vow and swear I knew not where I was;
Before I spoke I fell to private pray'r,
„ Planet I thank thee for thy tender care;
„ Now thou hast rais'd my Bliss to such a pitch,
„ I humbly beg, that thou'dst go thorough stitch.
At last I spake, and bow'd in seemly wise,
And paid obeysance to your sparkling Eyes;
Your Beauty's greater than your fame did boast,
So is a May-Pole taller than a Post.

I've

I've heard, you once conferr'd your gracious fa-
(vour
On *Theseus*, who was thought a cunning shaver;
With him your Ladiship ha's play'd some Gam-
(bols,
Froliques y'have had, and many pleasant ram-
(bles.
But, by your Leave, your Lover was a Clown,
For leaving your bright Eminence so soon;
D'ye think that *Paris* would have serv'd you so,
Would he have let Illustrious *Hellen* go?
By *Stix* and *Acheron* your Servant swears,
Rather then part with you, hee'l lose his Ears;
When that hour comes for which we both were
(born,
And soon 'twill come, or Planet is forsworn;
When we shall lye entranc'd—entranc'd I say,
Then if you have the heart to go, you may;
Hasten, forsooth, hasten the happy Job,
For till't be done—my heart will shout and throb:

'Tis very fit that you and I ſhould join,
Your Family's very good, and ſo is mine.
My Father fin'd for Alderman, long ſince,
He's now grown rich, and lives like any Prince.
If you wou'd once make *London* your aboad,
You'd hate a Village as you'd hate a Toad.
Oh how your Ladiſhip wou'd ſtare to ſee
Our City Dames in all their Bravery.
They've Petticoats with Lace above their knees
Of Gold and Silver, or of Point *Veni-ce*;
Cornets and loſty Tow'rs upon the head,
And wondrous ſhapes of which you never read.
How ill a Pinner with a narrow Lace,
Becomes the Beauty of ſo bright a Face?
A fairer Face no Mortal e're laid Lips to,
And I believe there are not whiter Hips too.
Too white to mingle with a Husband's thighes,
When I but think of that, my fleſh does riſe.

When

When toward me ſometimes a Glance does paſs,
Your poor Adorer looketh like an Aſs.
For if I ſhould return you Look for Look,
I fear your Husband would begin to ſmoak;
And I'll behang'd, if ever *Menelaus*,
By any am'rous Look of mine, betray us;
Were it not at your Table I'd abuſe him,
For thruſting his great Paw into your Boſom:
That Warty Fiſt between your Breaſts does ſeem
Like a brown *George* dropt in a Bowl of Cream.
I'm mad to ſee him draw his Chair ſo cloſe,
And kiſs, and hugg you underneath my Noſe.
Then I go out, pretending to make Water,
Seeming to take no notice of the Matter:
To all true Hearts I drink a Cup of Wine,
A Health that does imply both yours and mine;

Then ſeeming drunk, I tell ſome ſtrange Romance,
And lay the Scene in *Italy* or *France*;
Of ſome bright Lady, and her brisk—Gall—ant;
By which two Lovers, you and I are meant.
But, Madam, to write more of this were nonſence,
My Planet h'as contriv'd the Buſ'neſs long-ſince;
By curious ſearch I ſomething can diſcover,
'Tis in your Blood—you're born to be a Lover.
What think you, Lady, of your Father *Jove*?
Shew me a Town-Bull h'as been more in Love.
Your Mother, *Læda*, too, who gave you ſuck,
H'as ſhe not been as good as ever ſtruck?
When s'had a luſty Youth between her thighs,
What d'ee think? would *Læda* cry to riſe?
Your Parents being as right as ever piſt,
If you ſhould be preciſe, you wou'd be hiſt.

But

But if you muſt be conſtant to one Man,
With me to *London* make what haſt you can.
There wee'll provide a little Winter Houſe,
And you ſhall paſs for my renowned Spouſe.
By what I ſee your Husband does approve,
That in your Abſence here I ſhould make Love.
Or wou'd he elſe have gone,—under pretence,
To buy a Horſe—a hundred miles from hence?
The Bus'neſs ſeems to me, as plain a caſe,
As is the Noſe upon your beauteous face.
To let you know that I ſhould be no clog,
Did he not ſay, Love me and Love my Dog?
Nelly, ſaid he, be kind unto my Gueſt,
And let his entertainment be the *Beſt*.
I preſently his meaning underſtood,
If Yours be not the *Beſt*—then nothing's good.
You ſee your Husband orders our affairs,
Therfore, dear Madam, do not hang an Arſe,

But let's away to *London*—*Crop* does wait,
Saddled and bridled at the Garden—gate;
Crop's a good Natur'd Beast—and carries double,
And will not think your Ladiship a trouble.
Strike while the Iron's hot, my Love is fervent,
Get up, and ride behind—

Your humble Servant

Paris.

HELLEN's

HELLEN's Answer to *PARIS*.

The ARGUMENT.

Hellen *having receiv'd his Letter, at first seems wonderfully displeas'd at his Impudence, in attempting a Lady of her unspotted fame; who was bred and born in the Town where she liv'd, and was never call'd Whore. At length the Storm's over, and she Tacks about, giving him an assurance of her readiness to comply, but doubts her Gallant wo'not be constant. In plain English She's as willing as He.*

YOur Letter's wrot in such a filthy stile,
I did not think an answer worth my while,
Till I consider'd you might offer vi'lence,
And take advantage of a Woman's silence.
I'm sure you have not wanted drink or food,
I wonder in my heart you'll be so rude.

'Tis fine y'faith—becauſe you come from *London*,
You think a Country Body muſt be run down.
You of your Entertainment here may brag,
You were not us'd as if you'd had the Plague.
My Husband did receive you as a *Friend*,
And wou'd you to his Wife now prove a *Fiend*?
Perhaps you'll ſay of me, when you are gone,
Hellen! a Lady!—*Hellen*'s but a clown.
I'll own the name, ſince you can ſay no more,
I'd rather be a Clown, then call'd a Whore:
Yet for all that, though I keep Cows and Daries,
I can behave my ſelf as well as *Paris*.
Tho' I don't fleer like a young wanton Girle,
Yet you ſhall ſeldom ſee me frown or ſnarle.
Tho' you ſuch breeding, and ſuch manners own,
Let me deal plainly w'ye—I think you've none.
Or could you elſe believe me ſo untrue,
To leave my Spouſe, and run away with you?

Becauſe

Becauſe a Fellow once did pick me up,
You think I'm to be ſtoln by every Fop.
He knew not whether I was Man or Woman,
But you conclude from thence that I am common.
When he perceiv'd *that I was none of thoſe*,
He very fairly brought me to my houſe.
And ſince I'm gotten quit of Maſter *Theſeus*,
Our *Paris* wou'd be nibbling too, God bleſs us!—
Though by my Troth I cannot blame your Love,
If I were ſure that you wou'd conſtant prove.
Dy'e think I ſhou'd not be in dainty pickle,
If I ſhou'd run away with one that's fickle?
You urg'd to me th'example of my Mother,
As if the Daughter ſhou'd be ſuch another.
You don't conſider *Leda* was betray'd,
By one that courted her in Maſquerade.
She thought ſh'ad met a harmleſs plume of feather,
But at *long-run* he prov'd a Stallion rather.

His

His Family's the best in all the County,
All that you live by's, but a Tradesman's bounty.
But that's all one, where ever Love prevails,
Money's no more than paring of my Nails.
Sometimes I think you love me when you look
With Eyes unmov'd, just like a Pig that's stuck;
And dabble with your fingers in my Palm,
And use to call the moisture of it,—Balm.
If in the Glass I leave a little drop,
You'd say I'll drink your snuffs—and suck it up.
Hellen you carv'd with Penknife on the Gate,
And I wrot *Paris just a-top* of that.
These are shrewd signs of Love, and without (doubt,
You'd give a Leg or Arm to have a Bout.
Tho' you are not the first Man by a hundred,
That has seen me, and lov'd and gaz'd and won- (dred,
If you at first had come into our Town,
And courted *Hellen* in a Grogram Gown,

When

When I was but a silly Soul, God knows,
You might have made a Bridge of *Menel*'s Nose.
Now he commands in chief, your Suit is vain,
To all true Lovers Marriage is a Bane.—
But why should *Paris* for a Mistress long,
Since in your Sleep your Fancy is so strong?
You can see three stark naked at a time,
And take your choice of Beauty's in a dream:
Yet you left Honour, Wealth, and God knows (what,
And all for me—a pretty fancy that.
I know 'tis wheedle,—but if all were true,
It is no more than I would do for you.
You guess my want of Skill, by being so plain,
For I'm not us'd to write to any Man,
Except t'a Millener, (my Husband's Cozen)
Who sends me Gloves,—and Ribbands by the (dozen
Well—since it must be so—let's be discreet,
Let not our Town take notice that we meet;

For

For they ſuſpect already you're a Wencher,
There is not ſuch a place on Earth for Cenſure.
Yet I can't ſee, why we ſhould be ſo nice,
I like you—by my Husband's own advice.
I cou'd not chuſe but laugh to hear him ſay,
Pray Love your Gueſt when I am gone away:
And all the while that *Menelaus* tarries,
You are committed to the charge of *Paris*.
The charge! Let us examine well the word,
Whether he meant your charge at Bed and Board;
Why ſhould he not mean both as well as one?
He knows—how much I hate to lye alone.
In my weak Judgment, 'tis an eaſie Caſe,
You are in all things to ſupply his place.
But for the Maſterſhip you're like to tug
Before you have me at the cloſeſt hug.
'Twill ſeem to me, if you ſome force do uſe,
As if I had a Maidenhead to loſe.

Lord!

Lord! how I write; if I were to be damn'd,
I cou'd not ſay't—I ſhould be ſo aſham'd.
If I conſent I'll hold you any money,
You'll ſerve me as you did you'r dear *Oenone*.
She hop'd ſhe ſhould be wedded in the Church,
Inſtead of that, you left her in the Lurch.
But if we now were toward *London* jogging,
'Tis ten to one ſome Puppy would be dogging,
Or elſe ſome Neighbour on the Road wou'd ſtay (us,
And ask me after Mr. *Menelaus*.
Or we ſhall hear the Country-people ſay,
Would you believe that ſhe ſhould run-away?
Marry not hanſome Wives by this Example,
Since pritty Miſtreſs *Hellen*'s on the Ramble.
I'm ſtrangely afraid of ſeeing Mr. *Priam*,
How I ſhall tremble when he asks whom I—am.
Tho' for my Life I ſhall not hold from Laughter,
If *Hecuba* ſhould ſay—Your Servant Daughter.

But

But above All 'tis *Hector* that I dread,
That *Hector* certainly will break my Head.
Who'd think you two from the same Mother came,
Hee's like a Lyon, you are like a Lamb.
Let *Hector* prosper with his senseless huffing,
'Tis *knowing nothing now* that makes a Ruffian.
While *Paris* shall be skill'd in Lovers Arts,
And dive into our Sexes secret Parts;
Now you begin to think 'tis ten to one,
Your Suit is granted, and the Bus'ness done.
But not so fast,—consult my Friend *Clymene*,
No doubt—you'l make the Bus'ness up between ye.
I'm loath to say't my self, she knows my mind,
And she can tell you how I am enclin'd.
When she informs you what must be transacted,
With too much Joy, I fear, you'l run distracted.

FINIS.

Books lately publiſhed and ſold by Jacob Tonſon *at the Judges Head in* Chancery-Lane *near* Fleetſtreet.

DIvine Contemplations upon the Remarkable Paſſages in the Life of the Holy *Jeſus*: Written by the Biſhop of *Exeter*.

Ovid's Epiſtles Engliſhed by the Earl of *Mulgrave*, Sir *Car. Scrope*, Mr. *Dryden*, and ſeveral other Eminent hands; The Second Edition, with the addition of one new Epiſtle.

Truth found too late, a Tragedy Acted at the Duke's Theatre: Written by Mr. *Dryden*, with the *Grounds of Criticiſm in Poetry*: By the ſame Authour.

Brutus of *Alba*, or the Enchanted Lovers; Acted at the Duke's Theatre; a Tragedy, which (in other Names) contains the Loves of *Dido* and *Æneas*: written by Mr. *Tate*.

The Counterfeits, a Comedy, Acted at the Duke's Theatre; containing ſeveral pleaſant miſtakes and adventures.

An Hiſtorical Diſcourſe of Parliaments in their Original before the Conqueſt, and continuance ſince.